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# MANDEVILLE.

## A TALE

### OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

### IN

### ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN.

And the waters of that fountain were bitter: and they said, Let the name of it be called Marah.

EXODUS. Cap. xv.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# MANDEVILLE.

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## CHAPTER I.

I DWELL too long on the scenes of my boyish years. Now, when the winter of age has shed its snows on my head, the mind finds a strange delight in meditating on times long past, and in living over again the turbid visions of its youth. Willingly would I lose the memory of the fresher sorrows that have succeeded; and, if I yielded to the impulse of my own thoughts, I should rest for ever upon these remoter seasons, though the days I passed at Mandeville House must be acknowledged to be sad, and those I spent

at Winchester College to have been full of ungrateful accidents, and of sharp chagrin. But grief, when mellowed down by time, and seen obscurely through the atmosphere of added years, loses its more rigid and distressful features, and is not unaccompanied with a sedate and melancholy pleasure.

What I have recorded however may serve as a specimen of that portion of my existence, which I passed in the establishment of William of Wykeham. The rudeness of school-boy intercourse was ill suited to the sensitive temper of my soul; and almost every day brought along with it its freightage of pain. By dint of being perpetually in society, my disposition seemed to grow more solitary. In the majority of my school-fellows, I could find nothing to love; and in the few in whom I could not but recognize admirable qualities, these qualities, seen through my distempered organ, changed their nature, and became the nourishment of hatred. By their brilliancy

I was obscured; and the purity of their temper seemed to be given them only, that they might wound me the more deeply, and pierce to my very heart. Pride, the infirmity through which the angels fell, was my ruin also. But for this baser alloy in my character, I might have looked on at the busy scene around me, and have been both instructed and amused. If now and then I too had been jostled with and elbowed, if in the unthinking and wanton sports of the school-boy I had been made a jest of in my turn, what was I, that I should be exempted from the lot, which at one time or other falls upon all? But it is in vain to moralize. Man is so constituted, as always to take his joys and his sorrows, not as they are in their abstract nature, but as they accord well or ill with his own particular frame and constitution. At least it was thus with me: and trifles, which a gayer and more vigorous mind would have shaken off, and forgotten like the successive clouds of

fleecy seeming that are hurried along by the freshness of the breeze, clung tenaciously to the surface of my spirit, struck their roots like the corroding cancer, and ate into the substance of my soul.

From Winchester I removed to Oxford. But I had not long been there, before a sudden summons appeared to call me from these haunts of contemplation, and to demand my presence in a busier world. Cromwel had by this time ascended to the supreme height of power, and was in the close of the year 1653 proclaimed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Secure in his "pride of place," and contented perhaps if he could have been generally and approvingly recognised as the first servant of the state, he called together a parliament upon a new model, and which promised to be a fairer representative of the nation, than she had ever enjoyed under her kings. But this parliament began with questioning that

very condition, under which alone Cromwel purposed to allow their deliberations. The country was divided into royalists, presbyterians, and independents; and no one of these parties was disposed to subscribe to his usurpation. Cromwel's situation was therefore embarrassing and uneasy; and, after a considerable period of contention, he thought proper to put an end to the sittings of the legislature, sometime before the season actually arrived, which he had prescribed for its close.

The scene which was thus taking place, tended to weaken the security of the protector's government, and to blow up afresh the hopes of a party, which, however they appeared for a time inactive and supine, had their wishes and their hearts perpetually bent upon the restoration of the exiled family. In the commencement of the year 1655, a conspiracy was set on foot for that purpose, which extended its ramifications through the greater part of the kingdom,

from the county of York north, to the western extremities of Devonshire and Cornwal. The Earl of Rochester, father to the celebrated poet and libertine, came over from the continent for the express purpose of conducting it; and Charles II. removed from Cologne to Middleburg, that he might be at hand to take advantage of such occasions as might arise. The hopes of the royalists were wound up to the highest pitch. They saw that the yet green and unmatured usurpation of Cromwel was the object of general disapprobation; and they naturally thought that all those who were enemies to the protector, might be counted upon, especially when the project of the insurrection was once auspiciously commenced, to be their friends. It was believed that Cromwel was so unpopular even in the army itself, that he would not dare to call them to a general rendezvous, lest, as they had on former occasions erected themselves into a deliberative body, and voted down

those who were negociating with the king, so now they might vote down their commander-in-chief, and set up king Jesus (the favourite language of these enthusiasts), as the only supreme magistrate in their spiritual theocracy. It seemed therefore as if the enterprise now on the eve of breaking out into light, once well begun, might be considered as good as finished. Could any concurrence of circumstances appear more favourable? Every one who was a friend to the ancient constitution of the English government, felt inspired with something more than hope, and believed that a little precaution and patience must necessarily lead to the most brilliant results.

This occasion, as I have said, served to summon me also from the haunts of the Muses. At the university I had for a fellow-student a distant relation of the celebrated Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper. At college I was still the same character as at Winchester; and this youth originally engaged my

partiality and affection by his infirmities. When he first became known to me, his health was extremely delicate; and it soon was sufficiently obvious that he had within him the seeds of a confirmed consumption. He was therefore a that could scarcely at any time give ıbrage, or appear in the light of my ır competitor. I pitied him; and ı de was gratified, while I played t him the part of a guardian genius lying his wants, soothing his infirm nd endeavouring by unremitted atte mitigate his sufferings. I scarcely when I was ever more happy, than performing these offices. The reade sufficiently perceived, that I had thing within me, which appeared irr ly to cut me off from the enjoyments of social life. Yet every man is formed with some appetite for these enjoyments; and it was therefore no small acquisition to me, when some extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, as

in this case, seemed to enable me for a short period to be the vanquisher of my fate. As his disease advanced towards its last stage, I was almost continually, day and night, by his bed-side. What had been the character of this poor youth in a period of entire health, I can scarcely determine. But, as he lay on his death-bed, he was uncommonly mild and amiable. The disease contributed to give fire to his eyes, quickness to his conceptions, and a celestial sweetness to the faint smiles with which he seemed to thank me, when his voice was inward, and he could with difficulty articulate a sentence. He expired in my arms.

Sir Anthony came to Oxford to visit his kinsman, a short time before he died. He was desirous to have removed him to his own seat at Winbourn, that every possible effort might be made in his behalf. But it was found no longer practicable. The youth was profuse in his acknowledgments of the services I had rendered, and the con-

stancy of my humane attentions; and Sir Anthony, with that graceful and winning manner for which he was remarkable, expressed his anxiety for an opportunity to show how deeply he and his family felt themselves indebted to me. I attended the remains of my friend to Winbourn, where they were deposited, and afterwards spent some weeks under the roof of the hospitable baronet.

It was during my residence at Winbourn, that the intelligence reached me of a design upon the eve of execution, for putting down the protector, and setting up the king. I learned it at the house of a royalist, where I accidentally visited, and where the son of the house, in all the unsuspecting warmth of youth, and believing that no person of an honourable race, like myself, could form any other wishes than he formed, dropped some hints that I could not misunderstand, and which I pressed him further to explain. I was myself at this moment a thousand

times more a partisan of the exiled house of Stuart, than I had ever been. The disgrace I had endured on their account at Winchester, produced this effect upon me. I felt as a young man of the military profession might have done, who having betrayed some alarm in his first encounter with the enemy, would make it the passion of his soul to seek a second, where he might amply wipe off the slur he conceived himself to have sustained. Just so, the blemish that had passed over my name, glowed and smarted, and festered in my remembrance like a wound; and I was driven, to sacrifice myself, if necessary, in the royal cause, by a zeal, fervent, yet not altogether pure; for it was the torment of the reflex act of the soul, eating into itself, that furnished the spark that lighted up my flame.

In Sir Anthony I traced a character compounded of strange and discordant elements. Ambition was the ruling passion of his soul.

But his mind was fluctuating, and unstable, and unresolved; and the turbulent scene of the times in which he lived, tended to increase this defect within him. He had set out in life a royalist: offended by some transaction in which he conceived his merits to be undervalued, he turned parliamentarian: and, shortly after, he endeavoured to organise a third party, which should overpower and dictate to the other two. When Cromwel ascended to the chief magistracy, Sir Anthony seemed for a short time to be fascinated by the splendour of his talents and his fortune, and to have devoted himself, heart and soul, to the Lord Protector. He became one of the council of state, appointed as the advisers of Cromwel; and he had before this disgraced himself in the public eye, by being an active member of that motley assembly, called Barebones' parliament. But nothing could long satisfy the aspirations of his spirit: Whatever distinctions and honours were bestowed on him,

he deemed all of them to be infinitely beneath the magnitude of his claims. During these fluctuations of his conduct, he did not the less maintain an uninterrupted correspondence with the royal party, and thus keep open for himself a constant door of retreat, though this could not be done by him but at the hazard of his life. Add to this restlessness and temerity of nature, the most consummate address, with an eminent portion of penetration and daring; and you have then no inadequate portrait of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury.

One of Sir Anthony's favourite pursuits was the developement of the varieties of human character, as they presented themselves before him. He condescended to employ his sagacity on me; and he soon "plucked out the heart of my mystery." I wanted the courage, or I wanted the frankness, that should have induced me to lay out my soul before him, and to have

intreated his assistance. But, when I saw this extraordinary man, with an art that I could not sufficiently admire, make his way to the inmost recesses of my thoughts, and, like a skilful angler with a fish, give me line, and seem by turns to dismiss me from his reach, only that he might more securely bring me within his power, I gave up all resistance, and joyfully made him my confident, who already without my concurrence was master of my most secret ruminations.

I found that Sir Anthony knew better than I, and more fully in detail, the conspiracy that was going against his late patron, the Protector Cromwel. He told me, that he could not be of the service to me in the object of my desires that he otherwise would, because, though the purpose of the conspiracy had his sincerest wishes in its behalf, yet there were reasons, with which he would not trouble me, why he could not appear in the affair. He however furnish-

ed me with a letter of introduction to his neighbour, Colonel John Penruddock of Compton-Chamberlaine in the county of Wilts, who was destined to take a leading part in the enterprise in the west of England. In this letter he recommended me as a person extremely well qualified, in his judgment, to conduct the correspondence of the enterprise, as secretary to the commander-in-chief, with such other military appointment as it might be thought proper to bestow upon me. I was delighted with this opening to the fortune to which I aspired. I was not yet fully seventeen years of age. At so early a period of life, to have obtained the recommendation of so eminent a man, and to look forward to a station in which I fondly hoped my abilities might be of no small service to the cause, was a degree of prosperity in the outset, with which I could scarcely have flattered myself.

I did not think proper to communicate

to my uncle the prospect that was thus opened before me. With his character the reader is already acquainted. The details of affairs with which he was most nearly concerned, were very sparingly laid before him. Upon the accounts of his steward he could scarcely be prevailed on to bestow the slightest inspection. All business that was offered to his consideration he did not indeed repel with violence; but he shrunk from it with invincible obstinacy. He ordinarily required that every thing of this sort should be submitted to him on paper: and this paper he gave back sometimes, but not always, the next day, either with no postscript, an indication that he was resolved not to take any part in the matter, or with a short remark added in his own handwriting, pointing out what he desired should be done. I was the only male heir to the Mandeville estate in the direct line; and I took it for granted that my uncle, unenterprising as he was in his own person,

would object to my hazarding myself in an insurrection of this sort, particularly at so premature a period of my existence; and I deemed, that I had a sufficient excuse for being silent, in my uncle's habits of neutrality and seclusion. For the same reason I determined not to communicate my secret to any member of the establishment at Mandeville House. Sir Anthony, at his own suggestion, undertook to supply me with any sum of money, that might be necessary for my immediate purposes.

## CHAPTER II.

FURNISHED, ther with whatever the occasion seemed uire, I proceeded with my own serva horses from Winbourn to Compton- berlaine. Here I was informed that C l Penruddock was from home; and by uiries among his attendants, my ser arned that he was gone to the house onel Hugh Grove, a gentleman of the sa county. Hither I followed him, the house of Mr Grove lying at the north-eastern extremity of Salisbury Plain. On my arrival I perceived an unusual bustle and activity; and it was plainly to be seen at the residences of both these

gentlemen, and through a considerable part of my journey, that something extraordinary was in agitation. I will not pretend to determine what was the cause that the officers of civil administration in the neighbourhood, seemed to take no notice of these preparations; whether it was that they were impressed with indifference and alienation from the government of the protector; or that it might be the policy of his administration, to ripen the plots of the royalists to a certain height, that his authority might be strengthened by their suppression, and his coffers enriched by their forfeitures.

Having enquired for Colonel Penruddock, and sent in my message, that gentleman immediately came out to me, the house being almost entirely filled with officers and their attendants, who had resorted hither, as to a secret rendezvous and consultation. The mansion of Colonel Grove had been found most convenient for this purpose, on account of its remote and solitary situation.

I was immediately struck with the appearance of the man to whom my letter was addressed. He was above the middle stature, in the vigour of youth, and of a grave and noble aspect. His eyes and his hair were dark; his f[illegible]l capacious; his cheeks colourl[illegible]e general cast of his features firm[illegible]ate. His countenance bespoke t[illegible] of his heart, and expressed in st[illegible]iments the steadiness of a martyr. [illegible]wards understood, that he had had [illegible]thers, older than himself, who had [illegible]in the civil wars, fighting for the [illegible] and he therefore regarded himself a[illegible]erson consecrated and set apart, to av[illegible]eir fate, or to follow their illustriou[illegible]mple. The voice and language of Co[illegible] Penruddock were in the highest degree both sweet and manly; and he seemed born to be the ornament and benefactor of any country, where true patriotism was held in esteem.—What mystery is there in the frame and constitution

of political society, that it should be thought necessary for the general welfare, that such a man as this should be brought out to the gaze of senseless multitudes, that in the sight of men he may suffer an ignominious death, as a person unworthy to live? —But I am hurried into scenes, that did not occur till some months after the period I am describing.

Colonel Penruddock drew me aside, and immediately opened the letter I had brought from Sir Anthony. He seemed pleased with my appearance, and struck with my youth. He said, Sir Anthony gives you here, young man, a liberal and a full commendation; and I will do what I can to serve you. He then ordered a youth to be called, a cousin of his, of the same name, and desired me to remain with him, till we should all return to Compton-Chamberlaine together. He added, "The writer of this letter desires that I would commit it to the flames, as soon as read. I

ought therefore to do that in your presence. I have not the instant opportunity of doing so. Take it, young man; to you it was intrusted at first; and I therefore devolve on you the office of fulfilling the injunctions of him who s[illegible]."

In the even[illegible] ame day I returned, in company [illegible]olonel Penruddock and several of his [illegible]wers, to his own country-seat. He [illegible] continued for the most part for the w[illegible] ten days next ensuing. During [illegible]e he had several conversations with [illegible] He set before me in the most candid [illegible]he hazards of the enterprise he had t[illegible]ken. He advised me to think better [illegible] situation, and return to the univ[illegible]He observed, that the name of Mande[illegible]ad never been engaged on either side [illegible] the late calamitous wars, and that, particularly at my early period of life, I should do more wisely to hold myself neutral, and to enjoy, as I had a right to do, the protection of the civil go-

vernment of my country, whatever that might happen to be. He felt, he said, as sensibly as any one, the blessings of a private life. He had a plentiful fortune, was married to an excellent woman, and was happy in his family and his children. But his situation was extremely different from mine. His family was already deeply engaged in the royal cause; and he felt, that the ashes of his brothers loudly called on him not to desert a loyalty, for the testimony of which they had perished.

I was deaf to the advices of my excellent monitor. The more he displayed in them of the admirable qualities of his mind, the more I rejoiced that so favourable an opportunity had offered itself to me, of launching upon the busy scene of the world. This, I felt, was a man that I could follow to the earth's extremest verge. He was neither pedantic, like Hilkiah, nor broken-hearted and incapable of exertion, like my uncle. Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper had

honoured me with his particular notice, had made me a thousand professions of friendship, and whatever he said to me was adorned with all the grace that the most polished manners could bestow. But this was far from being so touching to me, as the noble frankness of Colonel Penruddock. There was something in his demeanour, that carried a conviction of his sincerity directly to the heart. And his dissuasions from committing myself were so unaffectedly earnest, as to impress me with a feeling that now for the first time I had found a friend. The earnestness that I had felt to prove my devotion to the royal cause, gained a double strength by my predilection for the leader, and thus mounted into an uncontrolable passion.

The growing attachment I experienced for Colonel Penruddock, seemed to be in some degree mutual. The zeal I expressed, had a certain correspondence with the sentiment in his own bosom; and, as I turned

a deaf ear to the suggestions of prudence, so he felt convinced in his heart, that he was leaving an enviable scene of domestic felicity, for the precarious success of an adventure, where his life was "set upon the cast." The very obstinacy with which I resisted his counsels, awakened within him a sentiment of pity and esteem. He conversed with me repeatedly, and was pleased with my qualifications. I was of a family that commanded respect; and my education and my talents sufficiently fitted me for the station to which I was recommended.

The day was now approaching, in which it was agreed our enterprise should move. I became enrolled a gentleman-volunteer in Colonel Penruddock's own troop. I had equipped myself with certain habiliments expressive of my destination; and such is the lightness and vanity of the human mind, particularly at my period of life, that I had no sooner put on somewhat of the appearance

of a soldier, than I felt like one, and became persuaded that there was no vocation on the face of the earth so glorious and so enviable.

Colonel Penruddock, Colonel Grove, and the other gentlemen [illegible] Wiltshire, who had associated for the pre[illegible] undertaking, were in daily expectation [illegible] arrival of Sir Joseph Wagstaff, who [illegible] ome over from the continent with the E[illegible] Rochester, had for some weeks conceal[illegible] imself in London, and was destined to t[illegible] he command of the king's forces in the [illegible] I listened eagerly after the character o[illegible] s officer, who had distinguished hims[illegible] onourably in the royal cause, under P[illegible] e Rupert, and the other commanders o[illegible] times. His presence was much desired. he was spoken of as a gallant officer, a perfect gentleman, and a person of the greatest companionableness and courtesy of manners. A scheme of the boldest nature was formed, for entering the city of Salisbury at the period of the

approaching assizes, seizing the judges and the sheriff in their beds, who were expected there the night before, taking from them their commissions, and compelling them to proclaim King Charles the Second in the public market-place. A master-stroke like this, it was supposed, would tend beyond any thing, to overawe the disaffected, and encourage those who wished well to our purposes, to rise as one man in our favour.

Two days before the time fixed for the execution of the project, it was announced to us that Sir Joseph had arrived at the house of a gentleman residing a very few miles from Salisbury. Colonel Penruddock immediately hastened to pay his respects to him, and took me with him. We slept at the house of this gentleman for that night. In the evening I was merely introduced in my character of a volunteer, and received in the most polite and encouraging terms. The next morning Colonel Penruddock mentioned to his now superior officer the par-

ticular appointment I had been induced to expect.

The courteous and obliging manners of Sir Joseph became instantly altered, the moment this was mentioned. He civilly desired me to withdraw for a few minutes, and leave him and the Colonel alone. The following particulars of what passed I did not learn immediately, but I became acquainted with them in no long time after.

"Colonel," said Sir Joseph, "this is no slight thing you ask of me, and must not hastily be granted. Why, the young fellow you have brought to me, is scarcely more than a school-boy. Have you sufficiently reflected, that whoever shall be appointed to the office of secretary to the commander-in-chief, will necessarily be in possession of all our secrets, and may make what use of them he pleases?"

"Granted, Sir Joseph," replied Penruddock. "But you must allow me to say in return, that I have not proceeded without reflection,

and that, if my recommendation is not hastily admitted, neither will it I hope be hastily rejected. You say, he is young. Believe me, fidelity, and a sincere discharge of the trust reposed in us, are not always the growth of years. Youth has often a generous confidence, and an ardent attachment to men and principles, that might put persons of maturer life to the blush. Experience, such are the impure paths of mortal life, as often instructs men in cunning, as in plain dealing. I have talked largely with this youth, have heard his sentiments, and proved his character; and I will answer for him with my life."

"How long have you known him?"

"Almost a fortnight."

"A wondrous term of observation for so bold a reliance as you are disposed to place in him? How came you by his acquaintance? Who recommended him to you?"

"He brought a letter of introduction,

couched in the warmest terms, from Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper."

"Very well, Sir, and have the goodness to tell me, who trusts Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper? Who pretends so much as to understand his character? A man without faith, and destitute of common honesty. He is a being, to whom principles and consistency are playthings and mockery. Young as he is, he has given himself by turns to all sides, and has betrayed them all. He does not even trouble himself with the smallest decency, in the strange fluctuations of his conduct. His pride seems to be, that no man shall trace him in his complicated evolutions, and that no sagacity shall be able to foretell what he purposes to do next. Sir Anthony, Colonel, is the very man against whom we should be most on our guard, and this stripling is exactly the sort of person that such a fox would choose, by means of whom to worm out our secrets, to obtain intelligence for the

enemy, and to have us all in a string, to hang up whenever he pleases. Besides, Sir Anthony is a presbyterian, and the family of this Mandeville is presbyterian also."

"And who, Sir Joseph, have of late years shown themselves more devoted to the royal cause than the presbyterians? The enterprise in which we are embarked, is intended for a general rising of the kingdom, in the east and the west, in the north and the south. Our hopes are, to show this imperious upstart, who, after having accomplished the murder of our last sovereign by his artifices and hypocrisy, has had the audacity to seat himself in the chair of our kings, and fancy that all England will wait upon his nod,—to show this Cromwel, I say, desolate and forlorn, naked of almost a single supporter to abet his profligate cause, defeated without a battle, and as low and contemptible in the eyes of all the world, as he now holds himself pompous and magnificent, lording it over his country, and bully-

ing the nations around. And can this be done, without moderation and forbearance towards those, who differ from us in some points, but agree with us in the main object for which we are engaged?"

"I am not of your opinion, Colonel," replied Sir Joseph. "We will make use of these presbyterians. We will take advantage of the preference they entertain for the king whom they hate, over the protector whom they abhor. But they shall have no part in the conducting our holy cause. We are ourselves sufficient for that. Ours shall be the project, and ours the triumph. It is enough for them, that, as long as they demean themselves quietly, they shall be allowed to enjoy the redemption which we shall have brought in. I should think the pure feeling of a cavalier violated, if a single man of those who first stirred the rebellion, was permitted to put his sickle into this harvest.—Beside, I have promised the office of secretary already."

"Pardon me, Sir Joseph; you should have told me that from the first. The command is yours; and no man can dispute your right to appoint your own staff. You need not have cast a slur upon my recommendation in this case; it was enough for you to have put your negative upon it.—And who is the youth for whom you reserve the appointment?

"His name," answered Sir Joseph, "I am unacquainted with. But he is expressly recommended to me for the office by Lord Bellasis, one of the six loyalists residing in London, known by the denomination of the *Sealed Knot*, who have had the secret management of every attempt for the restoration of the king, since the day of the martyrdom of his royal father. I expect the young man for whom the appointment is reserved this very hour."

During this conversation between Sir Joseph and the colonel, I remained in the antichamber, walking up and down in

anxious expectation of the result of their conference. Till this moment, with the confidence that inexperience never fails to inspire, I had not entertained the smallest doubt, that the office for which Sir Anthony named me, and which Colonel Penruddock had in a manner promised, was substantially mine. There were several other persons as well as myself in the antichamber; but I took no notice of them. My mind was engrossed with its own thoughts.

While I remained in this position, the door leading to the stair-case opened, and a young man entered, who put a letter into the hand of one of Sir Joseph's *aides-de-camp*. The officer looked on the letter, and immediately took it into the inner room. He was scarcely absent a minute when he returned, and invited the stranger to enter. The interval was so short, that the new comer had not leisure to seek for any occupation to fill it, and had not even looked

round upon the persons present. Not such was the case with me. By accident, my attention had been roused by the first opening of the door; ardent, like the most romantic lover, for the success of my suit, I was smitten with the sentiment ever attendant on a fearful and apprehensive lover, jealousy. Every fresh object alarmed me. The new comer was a youth of a most graceful and prepossessing figure: I looked up in his face. It was Clifford!

## CHAPTER III.

I HAD entirely lost sight of this adversary of my peace, since I left Winchester. I had enjoyed a season of comparative tranquillity at Oxford: it was because I had seen and heard nothing of my dreaded tormentor. Now, the hurricane within my soul, that had slept for a while, was instantly set in action. I had an instinct that told me, that the sight, and the very name of Clifford, was the precursor of some terrible reverse in my fortune. I recollected the altered manner of Sir Joseph, when I was mentioned to him for his secretary; and the truth instantly flashed upon me:

The place is reserved for another, and that other is Clifford !—It was so.

It is hard for a young man to digest his first disappointment. I was barely seventeen; but already I counted myself for man. I had suffered disappointments, and I had suffered mortifications. But that was as a boy. There was no need of a wise man and a prophet, to tell me that, under every state of civilised society, a boy is a slave. Having escaped therefore from that condition, I was willing to count for nothing all the checks and stripes, and scorns, and contumelies of that immature period, I said, they cannot dishonour me. A boy is not held responsible for his conduct at the most awful bar of manhood; but is disciplined and controled in another way. I puffed them from me therefore, and bid them pass. Now I was placed under the recommendation and countenance of honourable men, and had to play my first scene upon the theatre of real life.

And what a scene? I had thanked Sir Anthony for his letter in the fulness of my heart. I had been transported with joy at the attention and partiality I had now for ten days experienced, from Colonel Penruddock. I had been last night received by Sir Joseph, with that affability and cordial manner for which he was so much distinguished. And for what was all this? For nothing. I was to be a gaping stock and a scorn to all the young volunteers, with whom I had for some days associated, and to whom in the thoughtless innocence of my heart, it seemed to me, that I had assumed the airs of Mr Secretary.

In reality I had done little of this. It was not in my nature. My spirit was too reserved and too concentrated. But it was all one. At this early age, I felt as if they could read my heart, and knew all my thoughts. I know not that I had assumed any airs of superiority; though silence and reserve are always construed for such, and to a certain

degree make enemies of all by whom a contrary procedure is expected. But I knew that I could not bear humiliation. If I had not shown my comrades that I looked down upon them, I had done so in my heart, and I could not bear to be reduced to the vulgar level.

And that all this should come from Clifford! I said to myself, I have but one enemy in the world, or but one enemy who is worth my care. But then that enemy is a host. He divides himself into a thousand parts, and meets me at every point. I feel that one world cannot contain us both. In the world where Clifford lives, there is no room for me.

Colonel Penruddock might in some degree have softened my disappointment to me. There were obvious topics for this, particularly the recommendation of Lord Bellasis, prior in time, and paramount in authority. He might have assured me, that no slight or offence was in any respect in-

tended to me. He might have soothed my feelings, have exhorted me to patience, and told me that no doubt an opportunity would shortly offer, to make up to me for my present disappointment. He did nothing of this. Colonel Penruddock was one of that sort of men, whom a perfect sincerity disqualifies for some of the kinder offices of society. He was by no means rugged and blunt. His air was humane, and his manner conciliating. But he held it for a sacred duty, to tell the plain and simple truth. This is the misfortune of the moral virtues. Whoever acts them scrupulously, overacts them. The topics I have named, and which Colonel Penruddock did not use, were all of them true. By omitting them, he told but half the truth, and did not know it.

I have said, that Penruddock told me but half the truth; but there was an obvious reason for this. He saw but half the truth himself. He was considerably chagrined

by the repulse he had experienced from Sir Joseph Wagstaff. His creed and that of Sir Joseph were of a very opposite tenour. Penruddock's heart overflowed with all the kindliest feelings of our nature. He was incapable of being any man's enemy. He was incapable of concurring in a severe and sanguinary proceeding towards any one. He loved his country; and to her cause, as he understood it, he devoted himself. He had been bred in an affectionate regard to his king; and that regard was greatly increased by the uninterrupted series of calamities which befel Charles the First. The males of his family had successively fallen martyrs in the royal cause: and this he conceived to be his destination in life, either by his energies to contribute to the victorious restoration of his master, or to seal his loyalty with his blood.

But he was not formed so much as to understand the littleness of party distinctions. The denominations of episcopalian or pres-

byterian were nearly alike to him, provided the men by whom they were borne, sincerely loved their country, and appeared willing to cooperate with him in the great enterprise of restoring her ancient constitution. He proved the urbanity and sweetness of his character, when a few weeks after, upon the scaffold, he expressed himself respectfully towards the protector, for the overthrow of whose government he had sacrificed his life, and by whose unjust forcing of the law (as Penruddock understood it) he was condemned to die. The Colonel therefore believed, that nothing could be more unwise and ill-timed, than the distinctions he saw his superior officer ready to set up, and the proscription that was extended against every one that bore the name of presbyterian.

The fault, in the affair with which I was concerned, originated with Sir Joseph Wagstaff. He might, as Penruddock had hinted to him, have pleaded the superior recom-

mendation of Lord Bellasis, without mixing any personalities against Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper who had written in my favour, or any attack generally against the presbyterians to whom he considered me as belonging. Penruddock felt the impropriety of all this, and was offended accordingly.

The offence he felt, he communicated without qualification to me. He joined me immediately, took me by the arm, and led me into an obscure walk of the grounds. There he unburthened his whole heart to me. "Sir Joseph," he said, "had negatived my appointment." He added, that he saw, an illiberal proscription was intended to be set up against every one that was not of the old church, that is, as things then stood, against a great majority of the people of England. He spoke with great feeling, of the discouragement that was meditated to be exercised against the concurrence of such a man as Sir Anthony. He perceived, that the

project of Sir Joseph was diametrically opposite to his own. Sir Joseph proposed to put down the government, and the neutrals that lived under its protection, by a small party, whose tedious sufferings and adversity had filled them with ideas of acrimony and persecution against all by whom they had at any time been baffled. The consequence of this, even if it had any chance of success, was to introduce a civil war more obstinate than the last, and to reduce every one to despair, who had at any time given aid to the parliament, since its commencement in 1640. His plan, on the contrary, had been to obtain the general concurrence of Englishmen, in every part of the island, and of every sect and denomination, and to convince the government and its abettors, that they were but an insignificant handful of the population at large. The king might thus, he sanguinely believed, be restored, without a struggle, and almost without shedding a drop of human

blood. In my case, which was principally to be regarded as giving a foretaste of what was to follow, I was rejected, because I was a presbyterian, and Clifford was taken, because he was supposed to be an episcopalian in the narrowest sense, and his relations were papists.

Penruddock was yet speaking, when a messenger advanced in all haste, to summon him to wait on Sir Joseph Wagstaff. But for this accident, our conversation doubtless would not have terminated in this abrupt manner. Penruddock would probably have pointed out to me some gratification to be looked to, now that the secretaryship was gone, and would have given me some advice for the regulation of my conduct. But the summons was peremptory, and he hesitated not a moment to obey.

I no sooner found myself alone, than all the horrors returned upon me, which are to a certain degree almost always suspend-

ed, when man stands in the presence of his fellow-creature. I traversed the walk in which Penruddock had left me with a rapid pace; I beat myself with my clenched fist upon my forehead. It was no doubt early days, for me to break off all commerce with my kind, and to shut myself out from human life. But so I was constituted: such was the effect that this incident produced upon me. I felt that the door of manly existence had just been opened upon me, that I had been permitted for a moment to contemplate prospects that appeared to me delicious and rapturous (for what sensation exists more rapturous, than that which a young man experiences, when he feels for the first time, that he is counted for something substantive in the *dramatis personæ* of society, that his voice is numbered, that his opinion is listened to, that some eyes are turned upon him to remark the part he shall act?)—and that then the door was suddenly and violently clapped in my

face. I was left alone, in the narrow line between being and no-being; the impenetrable door of exclusion, framed of the most hardened and the thickest oak, clamped with iron, and thick studded with the largest nails, before me, and the precipice of annihilation behind me. I had not an inch of ground to stand on. I looked round; my head turned giddy; I fell.

"No," I said: "I have nothing to do with human life. Never again will I enter its circle. I will fly the face of man. I can lead the life of my uncle. I can shut myself up on the termination of a thousand heaths, and on the edge of the breakers of the ocean. I was ill fitted for the scene at best. Fool that I was, to be tempted within its verge! But let me grow wise at once! No doubt, there are men, that can struggle with disappointment, and rise again when they have been beaten to the earth. They are like the pliant reed; and, when once the tempest has spent its fury, they remem-

ber it no more. Not such am I! I cannot bend: I can break. Every wound of contumely pierces through all the defences of my soul; it corrodes and festers; the wounds are more durable and tremendous than those of arrows dipped in the gall of Lernæan Hydra; not Machaon and Podalirius, nor even Apollo himself, can ever cure them!"

I know not whether I make myself understood; and it is no matter. There are, who will think the check I received was no great affair, that I had only to rally my spirits, and wait for a more favourable opportunity. Blessed are they in their insensibility:—not less blessed, than if all their limbs were palsied, and all their members were dead! But I envy them not. No; amidst the protracted sufferings and excruciating agonies I have endured, still I lay my hand upon my heart, and again I repeat it,—I envy them not.

I saw with an unerring judgment,—I

saw, however minute was the sketch, and however faintly touched, in this one incident the whole history of my future life. I felt, with the spirit of prophecy, that all the various events that were to happen to me, would but be repetitions of this. I was confident, that Clifford and I were linked together for good or for evil (no, for evil only !), and that only death could dissolve the chain that bound us. I saw as plainly the records of the BOOK of PREDESTINATION on this subject, as the Almighty being in whose single custody the BOOK for ever remains. There was no obscurity, no ambiguity, no room for an uncertain or a doubtful meaning. The letters glowed and glittered, as if they were written with the beams of the sun, upon the dark tablet of Time that Hath not yet Been. It was my destiny for ever to shun, and for ever to meet him. I could no more avoid the one, than the other. I was eternally to engage in the flight, and eternally to meet the en-

counter.—Was not this a dreadful fate? Was this indeed the trifle, that required of me no more, than to shake it off, to rally my spirits, and to wait a more favourable opportunity?

I hastened into the house. My determination, as I have said, was taken. It was my fortune, that I no sooner entered the hall, than I perceived Clifford. Sir Joseph was by his side; and I saw had just been presenting him to the officers and gentlemen-volunteers of his battalion, in his new character of secretary to the commander-in-chief. I looked upon him: he was a head taller than when we last met, and was radiant with youthful beauty. I withdrew my eyes in confusion: all the demons of hatred took their seat in my bosom. I looked again: a spell had passed over him, and every feature appeared aggravated, distorted and horrible. "Oh, yes!" cried I to myself, "I see the sneer of infernal malice upon his countenance. How odious is the

vice of hypocrisy! How much more honourable the honest defiance of unmitigable hate! Yes, Clifford, yes! let us shake hands in detestation, and pronounce a vow of eternal war. Tell me fairly at once, 'Wherever I meet you, I will hunt you; I will do you every mischief in my power; I will ride over you in triumph, and tread you down to the pit of hell!'"

Clifford came up to me. "My dear Charles," he said, "I should have been glad rather to meet you on any other occasion. I am truly sorry for my appointment, since it is a source of mortification to you. Believe me, I would gladly withdraw from it, if my retirement would secure its being bestowed on you. I set no value on the treasures of ambition. My temper is careless and gay; and you, with a sensibility all trembling and alive, will find it hard to bear disappointment. But Sir Joseph, I plainly see, is resolute against your pretensions. Bear with me then, my friend, and

let us be friends still. This rivalship is as momentary, as it is accidental; and glad I shall be to march by your side, in still increasing harmony, through the journey of life. Charles, your hand!"

Was not this infernal malice? I know not. To me it appeared so. He triumphed over me every way. Oh, Clifford, wear your honours modestly! What needed all this strut and ostentation, this "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of boastful success? This was the very root and kernel of the mischief of which I complained. I was to be eclipsed, after every fashion in which inferiority and contempt could be thrown upon me.

If it had been pure goodness of heart, that impelled Clifford to this apology and these professions, why did he not follow me out of the room, and utter them between him and me alone? But, no: it was too plain, that his purpose was to render me despicable, and in the elation of his heart to

pronounce over me an oration of intemperate and unmeasured victory!

I endeavoured to answer the lordly and disdainful speech that had been addressed to me. I thanked Clifford for his consideration and sympathy. I wished him joy of the success he had obtained.—The words died away on my tongue. I stammered and grew inarticulate. My voice faltered; my colour changed. I felt a film come before my eyes, that I could see no object distinctly. I was hardly able to support or to guide myself. I left the room in a confusion, that must have been too visible to every one that was in it.

"What a happiness it is to be alone!" I exclaimed, as soon as I found myself in the open air—"to have no eye, observing my looks, and measuring my gestures! to move as I please, and think what I please! to be in a world of my own, in the midst of a moral desert, and independent of my fellow men!"

I had no sooner muttered these words, an effort to relieve the misery under which I laboured, than I felt some one tap me on the shoulder. A man, that had just thrown away his dagger dropping with the gore of a recent murder, would have felt exactly as I then felt. I shivered with preternatural horror. I looked round: it was Clifford! My face was turned full upon him; and he drew back three steps, at the sight of the passions that were working in it. His hand, which had been extended to grasp mine, fell nerveless, like a dead thing, to his side.

"Leave me," I said, with a voice, hollow, inarticulate, and inward. "I am miserable enough; leave me!"

Clifford made an effort to speak.

"If you address a single word to me, I shall live no longer! Consolation!" and I shook my head despairingly as I spoke, "ay, consolation is a glorious thing! Kindness! keep it, keep it to yourself! Hug it

to your heart, and applaud yourself that you have so much humanity, and so much friendship! I will not hear you! I never will hear you more!"

Saying this, I burst from him impetuously, and fled with the rapidity of lightning. I found a stripling, a rustic, and sent him, to order my servant to attend me with my horses, a mile forward on the road. I returned immediately to Oxford.

Why did I get the better of Clifford, so to express it, in this interview? Because my breast was more fraught with an almighty energy of passion, than his. He came to me, spurred forward by all the purest sentiments that can inform a human heart. He pitied me; he loved me. Clifford was a being of no mean discernment; and he had had ample opportunity of observing my character at Winchester. He had generously resolved, that I should not perish by any mistake that it was in his power to set right. But the passion of

Clifford, beautiful as it was, sunk into nothing, before the eddy and whirlwind of mine. I was worked up to the height. Ocean itself could have set no bounds to my fury. I had pent up my rage to the furthest minute in the quarters of Sir Joseph Wagstaff; and now I felt, that the presence of all the kings of the earth would have controled me no longer.

It was not long before I learned the unfortunate issue of the enterprise, in which I was to have borne a part. The surprise upon Salisbury was successfully conducted. The judges in their robes, and the sheriff, fell into the hands of the insurgents. The royalists were complete masters of the town. But all, after this, proceeded in the most unhappy train. A controversy immediately broke out between Sir Joseph Wagstaff and Colonel Penruddock, as to the disposal of their prisoners.

Sir Joseph and the mere military men insisted, that the judges and the sheriff

should be hanged on the spot. This was the only way to secure the success of the enterprise. In the commencement of an insurrection, the insurgents are always irresolute. They ardently wish to obtain the object they have in pursuit: but for some time they are in doubt; they cast a wistful eye behind them; they can hardly persuade themselves that they have no retreat left. What was necessary therefore, was to pass the Rubicon. By putting these men to military execution, the royalists would be convinced, that there was no room for negociation, and that they had offended the existing government beyond the hope of forgiveness.

The arguments of Sir Joseph were thrown away, upon the gentle temper and well-turned disposition of Penruddock. The country gentlemen sided with the colonel, and the general was outvoted in council. This was the root of the mischief; Sir Joseph lost all confidence in his own enterprise. The next step was more fatal. Sa-

lisbury had been appointed the place of general rendezvous; there was no body of military within a moderate distance; reinforcements of insurgents from the western and the southern counties might be expected daily; the occupation of the town was a measure of perfect safety. In this situation it was determined, for what reason I could never discover, to evacuate it. The royalists entered Salisbury at five in the morning; they quitted it at two. It was impossible to have devised a measure of more irreparable discouragement. They fell back on Blandford, and from Blandford on Southmolton, where Penruddock, and as many as kept with him, surrendered, as they supposed, on terms of quarter. But the executive government decided otherwise. Penruddock and Grove were beheaded at Exeter; eleven were hanged there; five at Salisbury; and several at other places. Sir Joseph Wagstaff escaped to the continent. Thus ended the secretaryship of Lionel Clifford.

## CHAPTER IV.

At Oxford I had few acquaintances: my habits were never of a sociable turn. But I had some. Human nature is so constituted, that, till the propensity is cured, as mine has been, man naturally seeks the society of his like. I found a young man of a cast of mind similar to my own. His thoughts were all gloomy; his countenance was perpetually sad. Some persons are said to love by contrast; the melancholy to associate with the merry, and the fantastic with the severe; and thus to find mutual comfort and relief. But we loved by sympathy. We spent whole evenings

together in silence: but, if thus we did not amuse each other, at least we had a mutual understanding, and did not the one torment the other by ill-applied attentions and civilities. We found a social pleasure in looking in each other's faces, and silently whispering to our own hearts, Thank God, I have a companion, that hates the world as much as I do!

The name of my companion was Lisle, son of that Sir George Lisle, who, together with Sir Charles Lucas, was shot to death by the republicans in cold blood, after the surrender of Colchester in 1648. Sir George Lisle is described by the historians, as the bravest and most amiable of all the champions of the royal cause in the civil wars. He left behind him a widow, and this one son. Lady Lisle devoted herself, as long as she lived, to the recollection of her husband. She shut herself up from all society, except that of one female friend, whose history was nearly similar to her

own. There was but one tie that continued to attach her to this world; and that was, the living representative that her dead husband had left behind him. It was her daily purpose, to fill his bosom with her own sentiments, and those of his deceased father.

All this had a strange effect upon his youthful mind. His mother spoke to him every day of the parent he had lost, and never without tears. A thousand times, while a child, he had mingled his tears with hers, from the mere uncontrolable force of sympathy. Sometimes he did not weep, for his recollections of his father could not be altogether so vivid as his mother's were. And yet the difference was less, than it was almost possible to suppose. He saw scarcely any one but his mother, and her narratives were so frequent, so minute, so faithful, so animated, and so pathetic, that the child might say with Hamlet, "Methinks, I see my father!" though,

alas! it was with his "mind's eye" only that he saw him. When he did not weep, still his voice was tremulous and almost seemed to weep, when he looked up in his mother's face, and uttered some brief and artless remark, the comment of her story. Another of his daily exercises was, that she led and set him before his father's portrait; while the sight of the limning drew from her a particular strain of commendation, expressly awakened in her by the object they contemplated.

I have said that she endeavoured to fill his bosom with the sentiments of his deceased father. The royal cause therefore, in her painting, was the most illustrious of all causes; and her panegyric of the great martyr was not exceeded, in devotional spirit, and utter prostration of soul to his attributes, by all the thirtieth of January sermons that ever were preached. Her ideas of Cromwel were framed after the same fashion. He was the special pupil

and ward of the prince of devils. There was no crime in which he was not thoroughly accomplished; there was no depravity that was not an inmate of his heart. His hypocrisy furnished her with a copious theme. Cromwel was a man so constructed that he had no delight but in wickedness. Lady Lisle seemed to have borrowed many of the colours she employed in his portrait, from Shakespear's Richard the Third. But, as he had no illustrious blood in his veins, and could occasionally accommodate him to the lowest vulgarity, so there was something in his hypocrisy, more round and finished, more like a serpent entangling his victim in his folds, more like the sea-monsters of Africa, the Lamiæ, that with a thousand inticements and flatteries lure their victims to their ruin,—in a word, more consummately loathsome and detestable,—than the deceitful condescension of a man, by his birth neighboured to a throne, could possibly be

Cromwel, according to this lady's description, was a man, "whose spirits toiled in frame of villanies." He had a natural appetite for blood, and was like those wretches we sometimes read of, who are said to be guided by a strong and unconquerable instinct to the commission of murders, and the destroying their fellow creatures by lingering torments, for the disinterested pleasure they reap in the contemplation of misery, and in the consciousness of having themselves produced it.

Such were the amusements of young Lisle from almost his earliest infancy. It was part of his mother's idea of widowhood, that she never, from the catastrophe of Sir George, allowed herself to behold the light of the sun. Her apartment was always hung with black, and lighted with tapers. She permitted her son to resort every day to a neighbouring school; but he returned to his mother constantly in the evening. It is common enough, that a lad at a cer-

tain age should regard his school as a drudgery, and his home as a sort of luxury that succeeds and repays it. And yet one would hardly have expected that, in the particular case of young Lisle. But habit is the sovereign empress of the human mind. He looked with scorn and aversion upon the sport and merriment of his fellow-pupils, and returned with eagerness and impatience to the sable apartment of his parent. The talk that she loved, was his choicest delight; of the talk in which she indulged herself for ever, he felt that he could never have enough. There was a sort of grandeur in it, that was dear to his pride. There was a solemnity and a tragedy, that pampered his imagination. That to which he had been for ever accustomed, seemed to become as necessary to him as his daily bread. King Charles the First was his God, and his deceased parent the most splendid of heroes. They filled much the same place in his concep-

tions, as Charlemagne and Orlando are found to occupy in the tale of Roncesvalles; with this advantage, that the Grand Rebellion and the siege of Colchester were, to the apprehension of young Lisle, the main realities of life. If at any time his mother seemed to ebb in the stream of her narratives, the boy would cry, Oh, now tell me something of my father! If she had no new stories, he would call for some favourite incident over again; and his questions, and thirst to know still more and more of the circumstances, could never be satiated.

Such was my present favourite and companion in the university of Oxford. Sometimes we would sit silent together for hours, like what I have heard of a Quakers' meeting; and then, suddenly seized with that passion for change which is never utterly extinguished in the human mind, would cry out as by mutual impulse, Come, now let us curse a little! In the art of cursing we

were certainly no ordinary proficients; and if an indifferent person could have heard us, he would probably have been considerably struck, with the solemnity, the fervour, the eloquence, the richness of style and imagination, with which we discharged the function. The fulminations of Lisle were directed against Cromwel, his assistants and abettors, against Bradshaw and the regicides, and against the whole body of the Republican and king-killing party. The favourite object of my comminations were the pope, and the cardinals, and the jesuits, and all those, who, from the twelfth century downwards, had devoted the reformers, and the preachers of the pure religion of Christ, to massacre and the flames. My companion recited, with all the sacred emotions of revenge, the massacre of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle; while I, with equal agitation of feature and limb, commemorated the last fatal day of my father and my mother, and swore to avenge

their catastrophe, upon every the humblest adherent of the Catholic religion that should ever fall within the sphere of my power. While we were thus engaged, we seemed to ourselves to be discharging an indispensible duty; and our eyes sparkled, and our hearts attained a higher degree of complacency, in proportion as we thus proceeded, to "unpack our hearts with curses." Lisle however, I must with contrition confess, was much my superior on these occasions. Not in feeling; but he was blessed in a surprising degree with copiousness of speech, in which faculty I was deficient. So that we were something like Queen Margaret, and the mother of the two young princes, in the play of Richard the Third: when the first had poured forth her astonishing and heart-withering execrations, the other could only say,

Though far more cause, yet much less speech to curse,
Abides in me: I say Amen to her.

In this respect however the comparison failed. If the torrent of his curses was louder and more foaming, mine certainly did not come behind them in bitterness.

But the conformity of disposition I have remarked between myself and my companion, by no means superseded the contrast of character, that grew out of the different methods of our education. Lisle had been nurtured and cherished with all the tenderness of a delicate mother. His misanthropy therefore had a strange mixture in it of the gallant and the *chevaleresque*. He loved and hated like a gentleman. Love was in his bosom the main-spring and vital principle of his hatred. It was the intensity of his affection for King Charles, and for Sir George, and his mother, and the cause to which they had devoted themselves, that gave direction and strength to his dislikes. He hated therefore with generosity and defiance; and whatever sentiment revelled in his bosom, it alike swel-

led with warmth, and panted with the frankness of enterprise. His misanthropy, so to express myself, had an alloy of tenderness in it: and he felt like a lady; or like one of the *preux chevaliers* of old, who learned their principles and the rule of their actions from the bright eyes of the fair.

My education had been extremely different from his. I may be said never to have known father or mother. There were certain muscles of my intellectual frame that had never been brought into play; there were arteries of my heart through which the blood never rushed. My character was withered: not chilled; but dried, and stiffened, and changed to a yellow, death-like hue, like the confected carcases of ancient Egypt. It was scorched with too much heat; a heat that operated, not like the life-giving beams of the sun, but like the suffocating, pestilential sirocco of the desert. I had never seen a female, with whom I had held frank and familiar

intercourse, till the visit of Henrietta. My education I had derived from a formal, rigid, pedantic, pharisaical priest. Other inmates of the roof under which I dwelt I had had none, except my unfortunate uncle, and his servants, who were more like *automata*, than human beings. I had conversed only with the hills and the clouds. I had lived in my reveries only; and those reveries were modelled by the very circumscribed course of my experience, and by the tragical events which filled the earliest section of the records of my memory. The consequence of all this was, that, of Lisle and myself, perhaps equally inspired with death-dealing sentiments, Lisle was under the guidance of an impulse, similar to that which urged on the ancient crusaders in their expeditions against the Saracens, while my disposition resembled rather that of the Old Man of the Mountain, the redoubted adversary of these Christian adventurers, whose weapons were known by

their deadly effects, while the hand that guided them was never seen.

As both Lisle and myself were copious and abundant in execration, so by indulgence we grew wanton in our imaginations and projects respecting it. One of these projects was of a misanthropical club, where the knot that bound the members together, and the feature that they held in common, should be a disappointed aud embittered spirit. But this plan was never carried in execution. A mere vulgar misanthropy was not sufficient to satisfy either of us. We demanded also a refinement of taste, and elegance of sentiment, in whoever should be made our comrade; we never could entirely convince ourselves of the eligibility of any stranger; and we never added a third member to our society.

Now, that I look back on this through a vista of years, and see it with all the lights that my own tragical history has thrown upon it, I could alternately weep

over the folly, and rave against the presumption implied in the conduct in which we thus indulged ourselves. What were we, that we should turn an eye of supercilious abhorrence and implacable animosity upon mankind, or any large body and diversified multitude of mankind? What constituted the fancied eminence from which we looked down upon our own species? Were our virtues so resplendent, or our merits so superior, as to give us these rights? What but the accident of birth or education had made us to differ from those we loathed and despised? And had not that accident given us rather a motiveless contempt and abhorrence for others, than any real advantage over them? Oh, that man should be so constituted, as to harbour these malignant passions against his brethren, instead of compassionating, and patiently suffering, and endeavouring to rectify them, as the laws of all true ethics would require him to do! But, alas,

this moralizing, in my case, comes too late!

It would seem, from what I have here stated, that I opened my heart, and unloaded the secret sorrows of my bosom, to my youthful companion. Alas, I did no such thing! This was a relief, from which the very vital principles of my character for ever debarred me. I frowned, my nostrils would dilate, and my eyes would seem to start from their sockets; you might discover in me all the indications of a genuine rage. I clenched my fists, and strode up and down the room in which we sat, with the frenzy of impatience. But I never mentioned Clifford. His name was to me like the incommunicable name of Jehovah to the Jews, which they never pronounced, but substituted in its room that of Adonai, the Lord. The expressions of my hatred confined themselves to generals; it seemed as if there was an impassable gulph, that prevented me from descending to particu-

lars. I could speak of my father and mother: but that not without the greatest difficulty, and with a feeling as if I was somehow violating a secret, which it was the most flagitious of crimes to violate. I spoke of them with a voice, low, tremulous, hollow, and death-like. I cast my eyes round as if to guard against surprise, and approached close to the ear of my hearer. Every word seemed to shake my frame; and I spoke, hardly resolved to go on, and hardly conscious of what I did. But the sorrow that related to my father and mother was somewhat softened by time; it seemed like the narrative of a former age; the transactions were so long passed as to have become the legitimate topics of history: —they could find their way to the tongue. Oh, if I could have pronounced the name of Clifford, if I could have told the griefs that had flowed to me from him, if I could have given vent to the various emotions he had excited within me, I should have

dock; the extent of my disappointment; the conduct and language of Clifford, whether intended to soothe or exasperate I could not determine. In my ordinary frame of mind, I decidedly imputed to him the latter intention; though I could not always prevent the intrusion of a fairer and more candid interpretation.

For some time the course of succeeding events operated to give renovated strength to the agony of my spirit. Rumours and intelligence of things that occurred, did not fail to reach Oxford; nor did I fail to be for ever anxious to be more fully informed. When I first heard of the promising and impressive commencement of the enterprise, my emotion was great: I said to myself, "This is the most splendid and magnificent adventure the island of Great Britain ever saw; and, but for Clifford, I should have had my share of its glories, and the first stage of my inscription in the roll of man, would have been illustrious." When on the

other hand I heard of the reverses that followed, my compunction was unbounded. "Was this a time," I said, "when I should have withdrawn myself, or have suffered any personal consideration to have prevented me from taking my share, of the disasters and dangers naturally attendant on such an undertaking?" It may therefore easily be supposed with what feelings I listened to the conclusion of the story, and the undaunted and heroic behaviour of Penruddock and his associates, in the public, final scene of their human existence. I procured copies of their trials and their dying speeches. They furnished me with a theme of endless rumination. Had these men been guilty of a crime? I laid my hand upon my heart, and from my soul pronounced, They had not. Had their conduct that characteristic, the *malus animus*, the malignant intention, which the law pretends to require, before it pronounces any man a criminal? Their intentions

had been of that purity and virtue, that is rather the indication of an angelic nature, than of so mixed and imperfect a creature as man. A man must be some time a member of human society, and accustomed to the regulations of administrative justice, before he can be thoroughly reconciled to the idea, of bringing his fellow-mortal to a violent death on a public scaffold, in the midst of full peace, for his virtues only.

But I was speedily roused from the train of my solitary reflections on this subject, by an incident which I have next to relate. One day, as I passed, after my usual manner, careless and unobserving, along the High Street, my eye accidentally caught the figure of Mallison. This somewhat disturbed me. Though he had been deeply concerned in all that had been most distressing to me, previously to my arrival at Oxford, I did not do him the honour to hate him, as I hated Clifford. He appear-

ed to me a being "out of my sphere;" and however we might revolve in the varied orbit and circle of our lives, we could never, in my estimation, clash and jostle with each other in our progress. But, though the sight of Mallison did not violently disturb me, every thing would have given me for the moment an uneasy sensation, had it been a chair or a table merely, that should have served to remind of the scenes in which he had been concerned. Stung by the circumstance, I could not refrain from directing some enquiry to be made, as to the phenomenon of his appearance. I found that he had come on a visit to a relation of his in the town, and after a stay of three days only, had again quitted the city.

Insignificant as this incident may appear, such was the perverseness of my fate, it was pregnant with the most memorable effects to me. My intercourse, as may well be supposed, with my fellow Ox-

onians was very little. From nature I had hardly the disposition to court them, to display affability or courtesy in relation to them. And such is the constitution of man, that when this has been sufficiently ascertained, our fellows are sufficiently inclined to repay us in our own coin, and to apply to us the same airs of superciliousness and neglect, which they have experienced at our hands. This had grown up into a sort of implied compact between my contemporaries and myself. Yet little as our intercourse was, I could not now help observing a striking alteration in their demeanour towards me. Agreeably to the variety of their turns of mind, they would either cross to the other side of the way, or almost elbow and jostle me as they passed, with manifest tokens of incivility. One would scowl at me with a significant sneer; and others would seem to whisper words of contempt, with a haughty carelessness whether or not they reached my

ear, or awakened my resentment. I was upon the point of resolving to bring this insufferable mystery to an end, by singling out one of the most offensive of these impertinents, and demanding of him an explanation; when the evil was brought home to me in a more direct form.

I had not seen Lisle for three days, when I chanced, in an obscure and remote street (such streets were often my favourite resort), to perceive him advancing towards me in the opposite direction. At the same moment that I saw him, he appeared to catch my figure, and suddenly turned back, retraced his steps for a short distance, and then struck down a narrow alley, and was immediately out of my sight. This, at another time, would have made no impression upon me. He, as well as myself, was of a wayward disposition, gloomy and fantastical, often inclined to solitude, and averse to the society of his nearest associate. Neither of us, on such occasions,

were very punctilious in our mode of avoiding the thing that thwarted us. But I could not help combining this incident in my mind, with what had already occurred to me from other quarters: and I instantly determined, if the action of Lisle sprung from the same source, to obtain the explanation from him, which I had been on the point of seeking elsewhere. My nature was too gloomy and concentrated, to allow me to delight, as some unhappy beings have done, in noisy altercation and defiance. I infinitely preferred seeking the information I needed, from the lips of my friend.

A young man is new to every thing; and every thing out of the ordinary routine makes a deep impression upon him. As I walked towards the apartments of Lisle, I said, "I am going to learn something from him. It can be no small thing, that seems to prompt every man to shun me, and, if I conjecture rightly, is about to sever me from my

nearest ally. I care but little for society; the ordinary intercourse of the world, has slender charms for me; but I have ambition; and ambition is a passion, that cannot have its proper scope in a world of my own imagination. I care but little for the world; but I shall be ill satisfied with the reverse of this proposition, that the world should not care for me. I will not endure its censure; I will not endure its contempt; I am formed to feel any slur that is cast upon me, not like a wound, but like fifty mortal swords, each of them striking at something infinitely beyond my life."

I mounted the stairs that led to my friend's apartment, with a solemnity of feeling I had scarcely ever experienced. Every muscle of my frame seemed to move, and to be prepared to start into a new and several existence. I know not whether I make myself understood. I was one man, all my powers collected and centered in one

thought: and yet I seemed to feel within me a quantity of life, enough for a thousand men.

I knocked at his door: no one answered. I paused for a minute, and knocked again. I listened: I heard him pacing up and down in his chamber. I knocked a third time. The door flew open before me with passionate violence. My friend stood a few steps within the door.

"What do you come here for?" he said. "You saw I was desirous to avoid you."

"Lisle," I replied, "if you entertain a different opinion of me from your former one, you are bound, as a soldier and a gentleman, to account to me for that difference."

"You were, not long ago, absent for several weeks from the university. You told me that you spent that time at Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper's. Why did you impose upon me?"

While these few questions and rejoin-

ders were passing, I advanced further into the apartment, and shut the door as I advanced.

"You question me somewhat rudely," I answered. "The reason of my silence was, that the adventure I had passed through was a painful one; and I know of no right that any one has to demand the history of another's sorrows, unless so far as he chooses to disclose it."

"Your adventure was a painful one! Call it by a fitter name, and say, It was disgraceful. I do not complain of your silence; I complain that you deceived me. But I am in the wrong to mention that. Your adventure, as you call it, has fastened upon your irretrievable infamy; and why should any man be called on to be the historian of his own dishonour?"

"Your language is too harsh, Sir. It is true, I have suffered much: my lot has been to encounter injustice, bitter, barbarous, inexpiable. But then Sir" and I struck my

hand upon my bosom as I spoke, "I have no fault of which to accuse myself."

"Humph! Yes, I have been told that every man has a way of colouring his own actions, so as to make them to himself as bright as the sun, and as beautiful as the rainbow.

"But you say, I am bound to account to you for my present opinion. I will therefore ask a few questions. Did you not go, and offer to enlist yourself in the troop of the illustrious unfortunate, Colonel Penruddock? Were you not received for a time, and afterwards, upon further information, were you not dismissed from the troop?"

"No, Sir, I was never dismissed. I withdrew myself."

"Oh, you were only a deserter! And you hope to found the vindication of your character, upon an allegation, that you, coward-like, withdrew from this generous, immortal band, a short time before they

fell victims, in the purest of all causes, to the foul tyranny of Cromwel? An admirable account you give of yourself! that you enlisted yourself under the royal banner, and, a few days after (before the shock and conflict came), repented of your loyalty! that, like that noble animal, the rat, you had an instinct, that apprised you beforehand, of a falling cause! Sir, in the troop of the heroic Penruddock there were no deserters: they were all patriots: they resolved, to a man, to succeed in the enterprise they had undertaken, or to sink with a sinking state.

"But I am a little better informed respecting your engagement with Penruddock, than you are apt to imagine. They found you out to be a spy of the protector. They discovered, that your motive for becoming so zealous a loyalist, was, that you might be the better enabled to give information to your employers, of all the motions of the insurgents. You wished, for-

sooth, to be secretary to the commander-in-chief; and you brought a letter from that well-known character, Sir Anthony, recommending you for the employment. But, fortunately, the gallant Clifford came just in the nick of time, and disclosed the reputation you had acquired at Winchester College. He told the story of the pictures, Sir,—the pictures!

"The step you have taken, Mandeville, can never be recovered. The ambiguous adventure in which you have been involved, admits of no honourable explanation. Choose which side you will, between the alternative of treachery and cowardice. You were either a spy, always a king-killer in your heart, and prepared at the pupil age of seventeen, to play the part of a fox, eluding the most wary observation, and of a serpent, piercing with mortal sting the bosom that cherished you: and that is the interpretation in which I firmly believe. Or, you skulked away in the hour

of danger, and hid your inglorious head from the chance of military warfare, and from the honourable sentence, which the usurper's courts of justice award against the honest, and which every man who draws his sword in the cause of virtue should be prepared to meet with dauntless serenity. On the day that Penruddock entered Salisbury, you returned to the university. On the day that his head rolled on the scaffold, you, totally careless of these things, were employed in practising your deceits on me, and endeavouring to make me believe you every thing the reverse of your real character."

I listened with astonishment to the invective of Lisle. I had made things, I thought, bad enough for myself in my secret ruminations. I had even a confused, unaccredited suspicion that I was guilty of exaggeration. I doubted that that was the leaning of my temper. How greatly was I deceived! My gall rose as he spoke; my

mouth was filled with its bitterness. I loathed the sight of the insolent youngster that dared thus to address me; I loathed the light of the sun; principally, I loathed myself, and the perception that I existed under all this. I would not have consented to live another hour, but that my death would have given advantage to my calumniators.

Most of all, I thought scorn of the idea of vindicating myself, of making appeal, as to the scales of a balance, casting the foul aspersions to which I had listened into one scale, and my own explanations and protestations into the other, and carefully watching which way the beam would turn. This, of all things, was the most contrary to my temper. Fierce impatience was the ruling passion of my soul. He that did not understand me from the impulse of his own mind, that did not find in his own heart the explanation of my conduct, and the true estimate of my thoughts, was un-

worthy to hear me. Slowly to win one's way by special pleading into the good opinion of those who regarded one with aversion, was, I deemed, the basest of all degradations.

I gazed upon Lisle with eyes that sparkled with fury. "It is well, Sir," I said. "I am glad of it. Misanthropy at least, the God that I worship, is the gainer. You hate me, because I am calumniated; and I hate you, because you are unjust. The hatred that existed this morning, has spread its empire wider, and has gained two additional subjects to exercise itself upon." Saying these words, I burst away from Lisle, and saw him no more.

Since that time, I have often thought what would have been the conduct of an ordinary young man at college, under my situation. Lisle had called me treacherous, and had called me a coward: he had given me my choice between these two characters. The vulgar expedient in this con-

juncture would have been, to have dared him to the field, and to have vindicated my honour with my sword. I call God to witness, that it was no lurking sentiment of fear, that restrained me from this proceeding. But, Good Heavens! how cold and inadequate a remedy did this appear in my eyes. The little appointments and arrangements of a duel, the measuring of weapons, and the display of skill, with all the technical science of a master of fence, might have suited a colder character, but were altogether discordant and intolerable to a temper like mine. Then, what should I have gained by defiance and a duel? Would that have cleared up my loyalty and integrity, or have dissipated the foul aspersions, that had by some means been so successfully propagated against me? If I could have thought of a duel, or of my sword buried to the hilts in the life's blood of an antagonist, as a consolation, how enviable and how happy, would my condition have

been! But I was incapable of being the dupe of so wretched a fallacy.

I stop myself for a moment in my narrative, to say, that Clifford was entirely innocent of having contributed in the slightest degree to the glosses on my conduct, which had reached the ears of Lisle. They were the sole production of the fruitful ingenuity of Mallison. But such was my fate, and thus I was hedged in on every side. I had a Clifford to cross all the prospects and views of my existence, a Mallison to ground on my disappointments the grossest calumnies, and a Lisle to give energy, and sharpness, and a venomed point, to all that Mallison had forged. It was still therefore against Clifford that my hatred was directed. He was the source, the primal cause of all: and without him, such at least was my interpretation of the scene, neither Mallison nor Lisle would have had the power to disturb my serenity.

As I receded from the apartment of Lisle,

I felt more and more distinctly that Oxford was no longer a place for me. The calumnies, which Lisle in such pitiless array had spread out before me, were universally propagated: I had seen that in the countenances of multitudes: Lisle had been the last straggler of the long file of demons prepared for my damnation.

But, if not Oxford, then was not England, then was not the world, a place for me. I was not the insignificant person, that could go into some new and obscure corner, and be no longer connected with the thing I had been. I was heir to estates of immense value. It is the nature of all civilized communities, that the aristocracy of the country, the few who are greatly elevated by rank or station, form a tribe by themselves, as distinct from the rest of their compatriots, as the tribe of Levi among the descendants of the rest of the twelve patriarchs. The cities of London or Paris, for example, contain, according

to one mode of calculation, half a million of inhabitants respectively; but in another view, and in relation to the aristocracy of these capitals, they contain but a few hundreds each. London and Paris therefore, to the rich and the noble, are but two narrow villages; and the pest so often complained of in a village, the industrious propagation of scandal, and the malicious watchfulness of one neighbour over another, are equally to be found there. A man may hide himself in them; but a lord cannot. Strange condition of this gaudy and envied race of men! A lord, while he lives, is a great thing, with all the advantages, and all the miseries, attendant upon greatness. Death only abates the nuisance. This Omnipotent Phantom almost singly obtains the power, to turn a lord into nothing. What a remorseless tyrant, what a mighty leveller of all these extrinsic distinctions, is Death! How true is that solemn *dictum* of theology, "Naked I came

from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return to the dust!" To instance in my own contemporaries only. Dryden dedicates his plays in a style of servile adulation to Lord Vaughan, and Lord Haughton, and Sir William Leveson Gower; Otway to Lord Viscount Eland, while he revelled in the frosty sunshine of the favour of Lord Plymouth; and Butler was happy in the countenance of Mr Longueville. And now, what place is occupied by these luxurious and pampered lords, and what place by the retiring and obsequious Dryden, Otway, and Butler? Truly, oh, Death, thou hast the attributes of a God, pulling down the mighty, and setting up the humble; and the pillars of the earth are in thy hands!

To return. Could I submit to live an exile in a foreign clime, like a man charged with some enormous crime, the name of which nature revolts at? If I could, surely the reputation of my crime would pursue me.

In this respect, the whole world is but a large village: and no foreigner can come and live in opulence and splendour in a country not his own, but that the enquiry will be bandied about, "Why has he abandoned his native soil?" But what had I done to deserve this? My action with regard to Waller, was virtuous, at least it was generous: and, as to the affair with Penruddock, was I not driven away, by a loathsome necessity imposed upon me, from a place, where I felt it utterly impossible to remain an instant longer? Could I then sink, palsied and unresisting, under this oppression? Ambition, as I have said, was the vital spirit, that fed my life, and preserved my corporeal frame from putrefying. I looked forward to something great, and something good. I felt within me powers answerable to this destination. I could not therefore, if I might, retire into a corner. I would not bind myself, so my heart whispered to my head, to a vegetating, inglo-

rious life. Better, a thousand times better were it, not to be at all. What; that I should walk about, a tarnished thing, a petty rascal that had had the word VILLAIN branded upon his forehead in the dock of a court of justice, or like Cain, with a mark set upon me, "lest any one finding me kill me," and that I might live out my appointed years of expiation!

Such was the wretchedness and misery of my condition; and what was the cause of this? It all lay, I repeated a thousand times to myself, in one man. Fate, I was fully persuaded, had bound Clifford and me together, with a chain, the links of which could never be dissolved. "Marriages," it is said, "are made in heaven." The power that moulds us all according to his pleasure, divided the human species into male and female, and decreed that it was not good for man to remain without his mate. In his Providence he has fitted to every variety of the masculine character a female adapted

to afford him satisfaction and felicity; and happy the man, to whose encounter fortune shall present the fair, that by the eternal decree was designated to become his partner. In the same manner as, in the world of human creatures, there exist certain mysterious sympathies and analogies, drawing and attracting each to each, and fitting them to be respectively sources of mutual happiness, so, I was firmly persuaded, there are antipathies, and properties interchangeably irreconcilable and destructive to each other, that fit one human being to be the source of another's misery. Beyond doubt I had found this true opposition and inter-destructiveness in Clifford. Mezentius, the famous tyrant of antiquity, tied a living body to a dead one, and caused the one to take in, and gradually to become a partner of, the putrescence of the other. I have read of twin children, whose bodies were so united in their birth, that they could never after be separated, while one carried

with him, wherever he went, an intolerable load, and of whom, when one died, it involved the necessary destruction of the other. Something similar to this, was the connection that an eternal decree had made between Clifford and me. I was deeply convinced, that his bare existence was essentially the bane of mine. Had he not extinguished me, from the first hour that we saw each other? Had not his wit, his gaiety, his perennial flow of amusement to others, and the angelic sweetness and urbanity of his temper, drawn all his fellows after him, as with a medicine, and left me to loneliness and contempt? Had not his poverty, and the charming way in which he declaimed respecting it, made my expected wealth, the unalterable gravity of my manners, and my sparingness of speech, the topics of endless derision? Because he was bred an adherent to the English government in church and state, was not I despised as a poor-spirited wretch and a

presbyterian? Then, in the affair of the pictures, to which Lisle had just alluded, had not he come off with additional and redoubled honours, while I sustained a blemish that could never be removed? Oh, the weary and loathsome days and months and years that I had passed, for his sake, within the cloisters of William of Wykeham! If it had ended here, I knew too well that the tortures then endured, had left a gaping and agonizing wound, had broken and disabled the members of my soul, in such a manner as no time could ever assuage or make whole. When however I quitted those hated walls, hated only because he had been an inmate there, I indulged a vain hope, that I had performed my penance, and that Clifford would approach me no more. How fond and senseless a dream! He had approached me; he had approached me as a rival, as a successful and resistless rival; he had driven me from the field I sought, driven me with igno-

miny, with the bifronted imputation of cowardice and treachery; he had revived against me all the miseries of my youth; he had made me the outcast of mankind.

## CHAPTER VI.

I QUITTED the apartment of Lisle, and hastened to shut myself up in my own chamber. "At seventeen years," says Old Adam in the play, "many their fortunes seek." I was arrived at seventeen years; but my fortune was ended and done. I had no place in the world of mankind. I took to myself no accusation of vice or crime; but a sentence of prescription had gone out against me, and could never be revoked. As I rolled these considerations desperately in my mind, I felt myself successively a theatre for sensations before unknown. Lightnings flashed from my eyes.

My head throbbed; my senses became giddy; all was confusion and uproar within me. Involuntarily I uttered loud cries and piercing shrieks. Again, I looked up, and saw the objects around me. Books, placed regularly on shelves, or thrown carelessly, after having been consulted, on the floor, a desk, papers, and the implement of study, with maps orderly arranged against the walls: What have I to do with these? I said. This is no place for me! Instantly I rushed from my chamber; I passed along with winged rapidity; I sallied out at the eastern avenue of the city, and presently plunged myself in the wildest and most savage recesses of the forest of Shotover. I felt ease, in proportion as I withdrew from the haunts of men. "Ah," said I, "here I have room to be miserable! Man, that accursed thing, no longer hedges and represses me with the tyranny of his eye; and I am surrounded with Nature's productions only, not with doors, and locks,

and walls, and streets, the artifices of human ingenuity.

I remember no more. The first sane and lucid sensation that followed, was that I saw myself in bed, and my sister seated by my bed-side. That sight had over me a magic empire. I was languid, and scarcely capable of exertion. I looked at her for some time in silence, and thought, "Surely I am not altogether a wretch; is it possible —Is it possible, that this lovely creature should be watching my health, and pouring out the aspirations of her soul for my safety? It is," exclaimed I;—"it is my Henrietta!"

"My brother!" returned she. "Ah, you know me now!" I put out my hand, and took hold of hers. "While I have life, I can never cease to know you!"

"And yet," said Henrietta, "I have sat for weeks by your bed-side without your seeming to know me!"

I had wandered into the forest of Shoto-

ver in a state of mind the most pitiable. All the events which preceded, had prepared me for distraction; and distraction presently followed. I roamed about in this desolate scene, till I was completely fatigued. I plunged into thickets, and climbed to the summits of rocks. In this occupation I had been observed by two or three wood-cutters; but I had drawn from them a very uncertain attention. They were accustomed in some degree to the frolics and vagaries of the younger students; and, though they wondered, and perhaps thought that I exceeded the usual limits of eccentricity and daring in persons of my class, they did not conceive themselves called on to interfere.

The next morning I was found by one of these woodmen, stretched at my length at the bottom of a pit, extenuated, vacant, scarcely able to help myself, yet with a grim expression of restless ferocity in my countenance. The uniform of a student,

upon a person in this situation, carried more fully to the rustic's mind, that I must not be so left, and that I stood in need of help. He was however frightened at the strangeness of the phenomenon, and went back to call another labourer to his aid. I no sooner saw them, and was aware of their purpose, than, weak as I was, I suddenly started from the ground, and endeavoured to rush by them, and escape. They seized, and detained me. I instantly became furious, struggled with them, and once more obtained my liberty. "Man shall never have power over me!" I exclaimed. There were other labourers however a little further onward; and I was overpowered.

It happened, that at Cowley, at no great distance from this spot, there was a receptacle for lunatics; and thither they conveyed me. The master, seeing my condition, willingly admitted me, till intelligence and enquiries could be dispatched to Oxford. In this matter there was little difficulty, as

a pocket-book was found about my person, containing my own name, and that of the college to which I belonged. One of the tutors immediately came to visit me; and having made his report to the principal, a deliberation was held as to the proper mode of proceeding. A messenger was dispatched to my uncle; and, as it was known that my sister was one of my most frequent correspondents, another message was forwarded at the same time to the New Forest. By directions from home it was ordered, that for the present I should be continued an inmate of the house to which chance had conveyed me.

I have said, that I remember no more, and that the first sane and lucid sensation that followed, was when I saw my sister seated by my bed-side. It is true. I seemed to myself at that moment, like a person waking out of a long and sound sleep, or rather suddenly recovered from a state in which he had lain apoplectic and senseless

for days and weeks. Afterwards however, I recovered by degrees the recollection of many things that had passed, in this interval that had at first appeared a blank. A thousand hideous visions had perpetually beleaguered me. All that had ever occurred to me of tragic in the whole course of my existence, had beset me. Ireland, and its scenes of atrocious massacre, that one might have expected to be obliterated from the tablet of my memory, presented themselves in original freshness. My father and my mother died over again. The shrieks, that had rent the roofs of Kinnard fourteen years before, yelled in my ears, and deafened my sense; and I answered them with corresponding and responsive shrieks. I forgot the lapse of time that had passed between; I did not advert to the circumstance, that I had then been a child; and I put forth my virile strength, and uttered my firmer expostulations and threats, to save the lives of him who begot, and her

who bore me. The scenes of unspeakable distress that I had witnessed in my journey from the north of Ireland to Dublin, all assailed me, in their turn. The cries and struggles even of the poor Judith, from whose arms Hilkiah had so unjustifiably torn me, were once more heard and seen by me, in their original Hibernian energy. Then came Penruddock and Grove, and the many victims that had fallen by the sword of the law in the conclusion of the late enterprise, at Exeter, at Salisbury, and elsewhere. I saw their heads roll on the scaffold; I saw the blood spouting from the dismembered trunk; I saw the executioner, as he advanced, with his hangman's and gore-stained hands, to the edge of the scaffold, holding by the hair the head of the illustrious victim, and crying, "This is the head of a traitor!" These visions ate into my inmost soul, and exhausted my strength in misguided and empty exertions.

All this came mixed to my recollection,

with the violence, the cords, the harsh language, the blows, it had been judged necessary to employ, for my restraint, or my cure. I had been turned into a coward, the veriest slave that lives, trembling at a look. At first the blows inflicted on me, only awakened in me additional ferocity. I met them with indignation and rage; I strung and stiffened my sinews, in a degree that no man in his senses can form a conception of; for a man in his senses calculates, and anticipates results in his violence; but mine was pure, simple, undefecated rage, that did not dream of controling itself, that scorned all consequences, and filled my whole frame with the venom and the malice of myriads of blaspheming demons. My teeth were ground almost to pieces; my head shook, and my mouth scattered foam, like that of a war-horse in the midst of the din of arms. Perhaps I am in the wrong, "to unfold the secrets of my prison-house." Perhaps I suffered no more, than

is commonly incident to that sort of madness, which expresses itself in fury. Enough: to this condition of man I was reduced by Clifford.

Yet may I not say, All this I suffered for want of a friend? "A faithful friend is the medicine of life." There was a critical moment—If a true friend had taken me by the arm, as I came from the apartment of Lisle, and had poured the balm of wisdom into my wounds, it had yet perhaps been in time. No man needs a friend, so much as he who is under the slavery of a domineering passion. A friend is like Time, the master of us all, or like boundless Space. He removes us to a due distance from the object, which we see falsely and distorted only because we are too near to it. He makes us view it in the light, in which the generation yet unborn shall view it. The mere communication and common discussion with a sober and healthful mind, of what sovereign power are they! Silence

and sequestered thought have a magic charm, sometimes for good, often for harm. The dreams of the poet, while yet they lie "in sacred secundine asleep," ere yet the power of the master has

> Turned them to shapes, and given to airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name,

perhaps cannot be communicated without the danger to perish. There are certain holy and mind-exalting conceptions of the solitary wanderer, that will not bear the touch of a second individual. But all that is disease in the soul, is, by this gentle exposure put in a train of cure. I can hardly describe to my friend the thing that torments me, in the wild and exaggerated way in which I view it with closed doors. What I deliver to him, is a compounded notion, made up partly of the impression I have myself entertained, and partly of the temper of his mind, and of my anticipation of

the way in which he will regard the facts I have to relate.

Yet how exceedingly rare is this phenomenon, a friend! The true definition of a friend is, he to whom I can bear to speak, and whom I can bear to hear! But where am I to look for the qualities of a genuine friend? In the man whose assistance I want. The patience required of me, is his attribute, not mine. Were I but once convinced of his ability and his sincerity, did I but know the soundness of his judgment, and the frankness of his nature, were I assured of his love for me, and that it was his love that spoke, in a word, could I meet with a man of sufficient purity of heart, and fervour of spirit, to dare on all occasions to tell me all the truth that my welfare required, I could not be impatient if I would. Had I encountered such a friend at my greatest need, I should never have gone mad. It was that that broke up all

the caverns of my soul, and merged my better understanding for twenty-four years.

I never had a friend. Advantages of earth and dross I was endowed with in plenty, by the accident of my birth. What good have they done me? Well says the wise man, "Exchange not a friend for any treasure; neither a faithful brother for the gold of Ophir." I have been acquainted, it may be, in different degrees with fifty thousand men, have been able to call them all by their names; but, among all this multitude, never has my hand been pressed in the hand of a friend. For this want, and this want only, I have become a monument of human misery, and a villain.

I remained for several weeks under the discipline of men, whose trade it is to superintend persons in my unfortunate condition. In my uncle's houshold there was a menial, whose special office it was, to open all letters directed to the master, and to exercise his own discretion, as to

what it was that was requisite to be communicated. The intelligence respecting me was suppressed. My uncle, it was not doubted, notwithstanding all the forms of apathy and neutrality he had cultivated, was deeply interested in my well-being. It could scarcely be, where there was only a single male in the next generation to himself, the representative of his family, and the heir of his property, that he should not be under the domination of the common human feelings in so obvious a case. But my uncle was wasted to a shadow. As he never put forth any thing that, in the ordinary language of men, is called an exertion, so it is probable he had finally lost the power of such exertion. For years he had not breathed the fresh air, or looked upon the face of day but through an artificial medium; he had not gone out of his chamber, or put on his shoes. It was therefore universally believed in Mandeville House, that, as he advanced in age, any

violent and unexpected shock would kill him on the instant, and he would go out, like a lamp in which the last drop of oil had been dried up and exhausted. It was prognosticated, it seems, from the symptoms of my case, that my alienation of mind would be but temporary; and it was therefore concluded, that the affair was not of that sort that required to be communicated to the head of the family, at the extreme risk with which that communication would be attended.

A correspondence however had for some years been kept up between the official minister of affairs at Mandeville House, and Mrs Willis, who seemed entitled to this distinction, on account of the relation in which she stood to my sister, and the high character she bore for judgment, discretion and virtue. Mrs Willis gave her sanction to the suppression of the circumstance, which was adopted in the present instance. She hastened however to give me all the

personal attention in her power, and, with my sister, actually took lodgings in the village of Cowley, that she might be at hand to watch all the variations of my disease. An attempt was at first made to forbid her from judging of my state by actually seeing me. But Mrs Willis was a woman of too firm a mind, and too zealous a spirit of affection, to be baffled by the customary pretences that are played off upon the mob of those who may happen to be the nearest relations or friends of the insane. The master of the madhouse understood that she was no relation, and that a very slight and casual acquaintance had subsisted between her and his patient; and he believed that little danger was to be apprehended from an interview. In fact, as has already appeared, I took no particular notice of her, and was not even aware that any stranger had approached me. Both Mrs Willis and the keeper were of opinion, that it was ne-

cessary for the present to keep my sister out of my sight.

By degrees, as was predicted, the violence of my disorder abated. One of the first favourable symptoms was that I slept soundly for hours together. Henrietta, my dear Henrietta, was inexpressibly anxious for the safety of her only brother, who was also in a manner her only relative. Forbidden, as she was, to see me by day, she was most importunate in her petition, to be allowed to visit me when asleep. This indulgence was conceded to her. She viewed my lineaments, and revived every tender emotion to which our former intercourse had given birth. She was painfully impressed with my pallid hue and emaciated form. She turned back the bed-clothes, and discovered that my neck and chest had suffered as much from the effects of my disease, as the lineaments of my face. She wiped away with her handkerchief the cold moisture, which occasionally broke out up-

on my skin. She watched the twitchings and contortions of my features. Sometimes I mumbled inarticulate words in my sleep; and she moved her ear toward my lips, to try if she could gather up their meaning. At other times I uttered the names of Bradford, and Judith, and O'Neile, of Penruddock, and Clifford. Then I would suddenly start and scream, and vent myself in fierce and terrible ravings. In these cases it was contrived, that the bed-curtain should be instantly interposed between me and the sight of Henrietta. On some occasions they forced her out of the room. But this was peculiarly distressing to her; and in a short time she obtained, to be permitted to remain in her concealment. It was a tremendous trial to her, thus to be made a witness of my degradation, my fury, and my misery; but she commanded herself with unalterable constancy. And by this means, with the discernment with which affection and talent conspired to endow her,

she was enabled to penetrate to the very heart of my disease, with an accuracy that no other resource could have supplied.

Generally, when I awoke, it was by degrees. I stretched myself; my breast rose and sunk with quick heaves and pantings; there seemed to be a struggle and pause between the new visitor to my eyelids, Forgetfulness, and the painful, and confused, and embarrassed state of my waking thoughts. This was for some time the signal for Henrietta to withdraw. Once it happened that I awoke so imperceptibly, and with so little disturbance, that, till I spoke as asking for something, she did not perceive the change. She sat opposite to me, and I looked towards her. But my state was so languid, and my observation so feeble and vacant, that I had not the smallest conception who it was that was before me. "Give me some drink," I said. Henrietta, according to her compact, arose to withdraw; but it was little less than agony to her, to think that I

had looked at her, and spoke to her, and no longer knew my Henrietta.

This happened several times. At length she obtained permission to retain her attitude in silence, and see what effect that would have upon me. It was then, as I have said, that I gazed upon her for some time in silence; and gradually, like the dispersion of a mist, or the removal of one veil of the thinnest gauze after another, I knew who it was that sat beside me. She was nothing to me, a mere stranger, an attendant; next she was a beautiful vision, or like a magic picture, made by the fantastic play of sun-beams on a cloud, that it was refreshing to the senses to dwell upon; by degrees she was an acquaintance, a friend, a sister! "Surely," thought I, "I am not altogether a wretch;" a lovely creature sits beside me, watching my health, and pouring out aspirations for my safety!" At last the truth came over me, and I spoke aloud. "It is, it is," I said "my Henrietta!"

This was the moment that seemed to determine my convalescence. My health and my sanity now improved by rapid strides. It was happy for me, that every thing about me was new, that nothing existed to remind me of the fountain of my disease. If the first object that met my sight upon returning recollection, had been the walls of my college, I should almost infallibly have relapsed, or rather should never have recovered. But of the house in which I resided every thing was new to me. As I grew better, they removed me into a more cheerful apartment; and presently after, I was considered as sufficiently restored, to be dismissed from the infirmary, and to take up my abode in my sister's lodging. My next remove was to Beaulieu, where I had spent some days immediately before I was placed at Winchester, and which place I had visited once or twice since that period.

## CHAPTER VII.

It has already appeared what a fascinating power my beloved Henrietta possessed over my mind. It had lately been all tumult, and tempest, and supernatural rage. But her voice was like the song or incantation I have read of, that could "still the wild waves as they roar," and hush the maddening winds. Where she built her nest, and paid her watchful tendance, the place seemed sacred from the storm, and no boisterous and unmannered passion dared intrude.

She talked to me of love, and my heart was tuned to the sweetest emotions of the

human soul. She told me tales of her own daily experience, and the earthly paradise of Beaulieu; and all that has been fabled of Arcadia seemed to me spiritless and vapid in the comparison. She drew a bewitching portrait of an obscure and rural life, a path through the vale of existence, that leaves no traces behind it, and the traveller in which, unknown to the trumpet of fame, is contented with happiness. The being that passes through this tranquil scene, hears nothing of kings, and ministers, and the intrigues of a court, sits him down quietly by the margin of the rippling brook, and is never told of the factions and wars to the right hand and the left, in which men tear one another to pieces with a thousand barbarities. Him every morning's sun wakens to new enjoyment; and no cares, misfortune, or disappointment ever cloud his brow, or plague his heart. He dates his years from no public epoch, the rise and fall of kings, but marks the lapse of time only by the succes-

sion of the seasons. And at length he sinks into the grave by a gentle decay, without the recollection of one crime that had stained his spotless life, or of one day that he would wished to have been other than it was.

All this was fiction, a fiction of the visionary poets that Henrietta loved, and not adapted to real life. Man is not one of the different species of animals that we see, that can sleep away life upon a sunny bank, unless when roused by the imperious cravings of nature, and those having been supplied, immediately sleep again. Man is a creature, as a celebrated philosopher has remarked, one of whose most constant characteristics is a sense of uneasiness; we yawn and are wretched in the absence of excitement, and cannot be satisfied and content, except as we are engaged in some earnest pursuit. But however the Arcadian pictures drawn for me by Henrietta, might be imperfect in a general view, they were accurately adapted to my disease. I

was just recovered from a state of fearful perturbation; the very principles and foundations of humanity within me, had been shaken; and music was the restorative my condition required. Never was there so consummate an artist in this respect as my Henrietta. Her voice was melodious; her sentiments were all one mighty scheme of harmony; and the gay, yet peaceful and serene pictures, with which she amused me from morning till night, gave me a new sort of existence, to which I had hitherto been a stranger.

The first effect which all this produced upon me, was like the song of the Sirens. It lulled me into forgetfulness. I was all ear: every other sense was suspended; or was made tributary and subordinate, to assist the impressions that the sense of hearing conveyed. At one time Henrietta led me to the woods, the banks of the murmuring stream, or the neighbouring ruins: in the heat of the day we reposed upon a

bench in the grotto I formerly described: it was all one: every thing that Henrietta did, was right; every thing that Henrietta said, was best. Why could not I have lived thus for ever? How infinitely more delicious was this indolence and oblivion, than the revelry of the voluptuous, the accumulation that avarice pursues, and the dreams of mad ambition?

By degrees Henrietta talked to me of the views of my future life. She reminded me that my uncle had lately been much shaken by a disease, that was supposed to partake of the nature of palsy. She observed, that existence with him hung only by a thread, that very shortly he would be no more, and that then I should by necessity succeed to his vast estates. She excited me to reflect now, on the conduct I should then think proper to pursue. In consequence of the neutrality and melancholy state of the present proprietor, every thing had been neglected, every thing had been

trusted to the management of hirelings. It was true, that however soon my uncle died, I should not come into the administration of the property, till I had completed the age of twenty-one. But that period would soon arrive; and it was proper that my education and my studies now, should all of them be directed to fit me for the station to which I was destined by my birth. In the opinion of Henrietta, the proprietor of a large estate was merely a steward for the benefit of others. All wealth, when accurately examined, resolved itself into a certain quantity of human labour; and they who performed the labour, whatever were the artificial regulations which society, wisely or otherwise, adopted on the subject, were entitled to the benefit. The proper office of every landed proprietor was to make them easy and to make them happy. Nor was this the whole of the duty incumbent on him. He not only ought to consider himself as a sort of father

to his tenants and labourers. He was, beside this, in the present distribution of the civilised world, the member of a state, important, in some degree, in proportion to the extent of his property. He was therefore called upon to study for the general advantage of the whole state. He was bound to encourage among them arts, and sciences, and knowledge, and virtue, and liberty, and good government. For these purposes it was incumbent upon him to be munificent, without being either luxurious or prodigal.

The mansion-houses, as well as every thing else that belonged to the family-estate, had gone to ruin under my uncle Audley. Henrietta and I talked over the character of these houses. We had seen one or two, and had heard of others. We discussed which of them it might be proper for me to choose for my principal residence. This was a complex question, partly to be governed by the beauty of the

situation, and partly by the consideration of which was the place in which I could be most useful. We decided in favour of a house that we had both of us seen. We then set about planning the improvements that would be eligible and necessary. The house we pitched upon, had a spacious and admirable saloon; but each of us suggested alterations, by means of which it would be rendered more complete. We also thought of new arrangements for the chambers; nor were the grounds omitted in our consideration.

Sweet and soothing was the tone of mind that these agreeable speculations engendered, and well did it dispose me for impulses of a generous nature. If Henrietta was disposed to study my happiness, I was not less anxious to contribute to hers. How could I do enough for such a sister? The most pleasing vision I could frame to myself, was of our living together, and having the daily fruition of her society. Our de-

licious wanderings, as at Beaulieu, might then be made perpetual; and, under the fashioning care of my Henrietta, I could not fail to become peaceful, virtuous and happy. Why had we ever been separated? Because our respective educations required it. Alas, how erroneous a conception! Had any preceptor, could any instructor, teach me lessons half so valuable as those of Henrietta? Should I ever have suffered what I had suffered, or fallen into such mistakes as I had committed, if I had had her for ever at my elbow?

Devoutly I wished that we might be separated no more. But I was not vain and selfish enough to desire to make Henrietta my slave. She might have different views and a different vocation in life. She might be destined to become a wife and a mother. Was there ever a creature so admirably formed to grace the duties annexed to that character? Who but must regret that such a being should die, and leave no

model of herself behind? No: for a time she might be my inmate; afterwards, I might be contented to retain her for a friend. At all events I determined to render her independent; to endow her amply with the means to follow the impulses of her soul, wherever they might lead her. I told her this; and endeavoured to plan out the scheme by which it might most fully be effected.

After a time Henrietta ventured, but with a timid hand, to approach more near to the seat of my disease. My error was misanthropy; she endeavoured to inspire me with a contrary principle. She believed she could not do better, than begin with authority. She turned me to the works of a favourite writer, and intreated my attention to the following passage:—

"He who justly proves himself a friend, said I, is man enough; nor is he wanting to society. A single friendship may acquit him. He has deserved a friend, and

is man's friend; though not in strictness, or according to your high moral sense, the friend of mankind. For, to say truth, as to this sort of friendship, it may by wiser heads be esteemed perhaps more than ordinary manly and even heroic, as you assert it: but, for my part, I see so very little worth in mankind, and have so indifferent an opinion of the public, that I can propose little satisfaction to myself in loving either.

"Do you then, rejoined the philosopher, take gratitude to be among the acts of friendship and good-nature? Undoubtedly: for it is one of the chief. Suppose then that the obliged person discovers in the obliger several failings; does this exclude the gratitude of the former? Not in the least. Or does it make the exercise of gratitude less pleasing? I think rather the contrary. For, when deprived of other means of making a return, I might rejoice in that sure way of showing my gra-

to my benefactor, by bearing his
gs.
'onsider then, what it was you said,
you objected against the love of man-
from the consideration of human frail-
id seemed to scorn the public, because
misfortunes! For, where can generosi-
ist, if not here? Where can we even
friendship, if not in this chief subject?
hat should we be true and grateful in
/orld, if not to mankind, and that so-
, to which we are so deeply indebted?
t are the faults or blemishes, which can
se such an omission, or, in a grateful
, can ever lessen the satisfaction of
ng a grateful and kind return?"
tting out from this text, Henrietta
ht to inspire me with principles of be-
lence. She said, that we were all "chil-
of one God, and therefore ought all to
der ourselves as members of one great
y. Our natures, our wants, and our
es are alike: as Shakespear says, 'Has

not a Jew eyes? Has not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, cured by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick him does he not bleed? If you tickle him does he not laugh? and, if you poison him does he not die?' We are formed for mutual sympathy, and cannot refrain from understanding each other's joys and sorrows. By the very constitution of our being we are compelled to delight in society: 'it is not good for man to be alone:' we are all exactly fitted to contribute to the good of all; and it is by each carrying his respective amount to the general bank of human happiness, that each is enabled to draw most largely for his private accommodation.

"If man could meet man in an uninhabited island, how would he rejoice in his good

ortune! If he met his fellow for the first ime, and had never seen his like before, ow would he admire the miraculous kind f being that stood before him! We may ravel into distant countries, to measure he height of mountains, or gauge the lepth of caverns, we may analyse the ubstances of which the earth is composed, r study the different characters of the ani- nals by which it is peopled. But man is he master-piece of the creation, and the rnament of the world; and without him he whole globe on which we dwell, would e a mighty blank, a speechless desert, a reary scene, that smiled on nothing, and n which nothing smiled. Oh, then, how hould beings of this wonderful structure, hail each other's presence, love each other's good, and strain their utmost nerve to de- fend each other from injury!"

From love, my heavenly monitress pro- ceeded to speak of hatred. And, as she illustrated the one from human strength,

so she inveighed against the other from the consideration of human weakness. "'Man cometh up as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.' Is this frail creature, that is blown away by every wind, the proper subject of our anger? We are like 'the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.' We are beset with infirmities on every side; every limb has its appropriate disease; every wind wafts pestilence on its wings; every element is pregnant to us with the means of destruction. Shall man, the compound and receptacle of so many frailties, become the tormentor and the enemy of man? Is not human life sufficiently freighted with sorrows, that we must each of us endeavour to increase the other's burthen? In the child of an hour old, I can see in the anticipations of fancy the ancient father, trembling with years, tottering with weakness, sinking, even now scarcely half-alive,

into the darkness of the grave. Is this frail and ephemeral existence the fitting subject of rage, abhorrence, indignation and revenge?

"Consider, that man is but a machine! He is just what his nature and his circumstances have made him: he obeys the necessities which he cannot resist. If he is corrupt, it is because he has been corrupted. If he is unamiable, it is because he has been 'mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spit upon.' Give him a different education, place him under other circumstances, treat him with as much gentleness and generosity, as he has experienced of harshness, and he would be altogether a different creature. He is to be pitied therefore, not regarded with hatred; to be considered with indulgence, not made an object of revenge; to be reclaimed with mildness, to be gradually inspired with confidence, to be enlightened and better informed as to the mistakes into

which he has fallen, not made the butt and object of our ferocity.

" It is the prerogative of man, to look on outward circumstances with scorn. We are placed amidst a thousand inferior natures; we are surrounded with many causes adapted to produce in us sensations, pleasurable and painful; our lot is cast for us between 'life and death, blessing and cursing.' But we have the source of our satisfaction or unhappiness within us, and are the masters of our own fortune. The colours under which things are seen by us, are not in the things themselves, but derive their brightness or their deadness from the eye of him that looks upon them. It is the glory of a man, to stand unmoved the shock of ill fortune. He that is truly worthy of the powers with which nature has endowed us, is of no thin and airy substance to be turned by every wind that blows, is no cameleon to take the colour of every substance upon which he may hap-

pen to be placed. He is full and complete within himself. The hand of fate may strike him; the hand of death must strike him at one time or other; but it will never take him by surprise; it will never quail his heart, or make him less than the man he ought to be.

"Oh, my brother, forgive me if I ask what you have been, compared with this best and noblest standard of man? 'a reed shaken with the wind;' a character with no intrinsic erectness, but yielding to every impulse, and at the mercy of every one, great or small, ignoble or honourable, that has come in contact with you. Why is this? You have talents; you have education; you have virtues; you are even amply endowed with the goods of fortune. Who shall be happy, if you are a wretch? Where shall we look for stability and honour, if you are a prey to every noxious breath that sweeps across your atmosphere? Justify better, my brother, the ways of

heaven! Show that all the blessings that have so abundantly been showered upon you, have not been poured down upon a thankless soil!

"My brother, you have told me that you loved me. He that loves, is willing to do something for the object of his love. In you I 'have garnered up my heart; my affections are centred in you; you are the only creature in the world, to whom I intimately, and by the closest ties, belong. Give me then the joy I am most capable of receiving, the joy to see you happy. Indulge me in the weakness, if weakness it is, to be proud of you. Do not wither up my young spirits, by seeing you a monument of misery, a spectacle of woe. I forsee, with a distinctness that nothing can deceive, that, if I am ever to be a memorable victim of calamity, it will come from you. Perhaps I ask too much of you, to do all this for me, to restrain the excesses of your nature that I may be happy.

But remember, my sweetest Charles, that this is certainly a virtue, a generosity, that will prove its own reward!

"Surely, my brother, you should consider yourself as a being in the hands of God, and as that reasoning species of creature, who has his resources within. Can any man command you to do this or that? Can you not dispose of every day, and every hour in the day, as you please? If you desire improvement, are not the sources of improvement open to you? If you desire to travel, and see men and manners, the means of doing so are in your hands. If solitude and meditation and study are objects of preference to you, who is there that can invade your solitude? If you wish for society, have you not the means of calling about you companions, as numerous, or as select, as you please? If you prefer a philosophical, a frugal and temperate mode of living, who is there to control you? If you desire luxuries in any mode-

rate and beseeming degree, luxury is within your reach.

"What then can be more unjust, than that he who possesses every external and internal means of satisfaction, should suffer his serenity to be disturbed at the caprice of others? Does any thing displease you? Leave it. If you cannot immediately withdraw yourself from it, rise above it. If you have done nothing wrong, appeal to your own conscience; be satisfied that that approves or acquits you, and despise the mistake and misconstruction of another. Why should I place my happiness as a deposit, in the custody of my neighbour? Who gave him an empire over me? In what market did he buy me for his slave? Where is the indenture by which he claims to dispose of me? Independence is the best birthright of man, and that which each of us ought to cherish beyond all earthly possessions.

"I will tell you what a slave is, and

what is a freeman. A slave is he who watches with abject spirit the eye of another: he waits timidly, till another man shall have told him, whether he is to be happy or miserable to-day: his comforts and his peace depend on the breath of another's mouth. No man can be this slave unless he pleases. If by the caprice of fortune he has fallen as to externals into another's power, still there is a point that at his own will he can reserve. He may refuse to crouch; he may walk fearless and erect; the words that he utters may be supplied by that reason, to which the high and the low, the rich and the poor, have equally access. And, if he that the misjudging world calls a slave, may retain all that is most substantial in independence, is it possible, that he whom circumstances have made free, should voluntarily put the fetters on his own feet, the manacles on his own hands, and drink the bitter draught of subjection and passive obedience?

"What a wretched thing is anger, and the commotion of the soul! If any thing annoys me, and interposes itself between me and the objects of my desires and pursuit, what is incumbent upon me is, that I should put forth my powers, and remove it. How shall I do this? By the exercise of my understanding. Wherein does my power emphatically reside? In the rational part of my nature. To the employment of this power, a cool and exact observation is necessary. I must be like a great military commander in the midst of a field of battle, calm, collected, vigilant, imperturbable: but the moment I am the slave of passion, my powers are lost; I am turned into a beast, or rather into a drunkard; I can neither preserve my footing, nor watch my advantage, nor strike an effectual blow. Did you never see a passionate man and a temperate pitched against each other? How like a fool did the former appear! How did his adversary turn and wind him as he

pleased, and show like some God controling an inferior nature! It is by this single implement, his reason, that man governs the brute creation, that he trains horses and camels and elephants to his hand, that he tames the lion of the desert, and shuts up the hyena with bars."

Such were the divine discourses with which Henrietta sought to heal the ravages which circumstances had inflicted on my soul. The wisdom which she uttered, was beyond her years; but she had imbibed its lessons under an unrivalled instructress. How different were the sermons of Henrietta, from the homilies of Hilkiah, of which I had so long been an auditor! Hers was a religion of love: his was a religion of hatred. His sectarian spirit justified disdain and abhorrence in its disciples, and enlisted all their bad passions in the service of the Almighty. It was his delight to contemplate the chosen few which were elected and separated from the world; and

his principles taught him, good man! (for a good man he was) a sovereign aversion to the great multitude of the children of the common Father of us all.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE I was at Beaulieu, I renewed my acquaintance with the noble family of Montagu, whose members have been commemorated in the early part of my narrative. The boys were now, each of them, five years older than at the time of my first visit, and were consequently more interesting, their manners more formed, and their sentiments better entitled to attention and deference. Edward was now fifteen, and Ralph two years younger. But the sobriety and sedateness of the character of Ralph, raised him nearly to an equality in point of judgment, with his more volatile

brother. At another time I should have been apt enough, like the generality of youths whose cheeks are beginning to be clad with the first down of manhood, to disdain companions who were still of a school-boy age. But my present state of precarious convalescence made me somewhat more humble. Henrietta, and the matron under whose guardianship she was placed, earnestly recommended to me, to unbend from the severity to which my constitution was inclined, and to mix in the lighter pursuits and amusements of persons younger than myself. The progeny of Lord Montagu, both male and female, made a groupe, that might almost have tempted a winged messenger of heaven, if he had passed that way, to suspend his flight, and to fix on this place as a scene of short repose, " though bent on speed." Henrietta, as I have before said, was the favourite visitor of this circle; and the daughters of the house of Montagu ob-

served her superiority without one repining thought. For myself, my character and temperament was different from them all. I could not divest myself of my reserve, the unsociableness of my habits, and the perpetual activity and fermentation of my solitary thoughts. But I was willing to become their pupil. I was like one performing his noviciate in this school of juvenile philosophers. While I looked on, it seemed as if the infirmity of my mind, however twisted up with and inseparable from its original elements, quitted me. And I have sometimes been surprised to find it happen to me, that for a moment I also grew frolicsome, sportive and fantastical, by the charm of the irresistible contagion.

I have mentioned that the character of Ralph Montagu was sober and sedate. In that respect it was somewhat contrasted with the active and animated natures of Edward and Henrietta. But it would be

a great mistake to imagine on that account, that his temperament bore any resemblance to mine. His eye was steady, and his front serene. He was not easily ruffled with passion, or moved to any impetuosity of voice or gesture. In that respect he might be said, in the phrase of the nursery, to have been "born a judge." But his look was frank; his forehead was broad and open; his voice was melodious; and his temper kind and considerate towards all. It has already appeared that that was not my character. "Care sat on my faded cheek;" seldom I smiled; my thoughts were solitary; and whatever passed in my bosom, with difficulty manifested itself, and was for the most part carefully locked up in the recesses of my heart. My words were few, and seemed as if pumped up, one by one, out of my breast. My voice had no insinuation; and the expression of my countenance—bore no resemblance to that of a courtier. I lived in human society,

like a creature that no way appertained to it; but as if I had strayed from a remoter sphere, and was a mere stranger and foreigner on earth. The desert was my country; and gloom and asperity the element in which I breathed. Such was the stripling, who was fated to reap the ample inheritance of Mandeville, whom Henrietta loved, and whose history these pages are destined to record.

Great pains were certainly taken by the virtuous dwellers upon the New Forest, to reconcile me to the world, and to reconcile me to myself. Lord Montagu and Mrs Willis had heard of the adventure of Clifford: they were interested by the question of the strange madness that had seized me: and they successfully applied themselves, to sift out all the circumstances of my intercourse with this extraordinary rival. It struck Mrs Willis in particular, that now was the desirable time for effecting a perfect cure of my malady. My disorder she

pronounced to be somewhat in the nature of a gangrene, or mortification in its incipient state, while yet the part retains some sense of pain, and a share of natural heat, but which, if not then acted upon, will speedily infect the whole man with its putrifying tendency, and be out of the reach of medicine to cure. Lord Montagu, in particular, reasoned on the subject like a lord. I was likely to be of some importance in my country; and Clifford was at least my equal by birth. We might therefore, his lordship thought, by a thousand accidents be called into the same field of action; and it might be of consequence, that no ill blood should be bred, that we should, neither of us, feel a personal objection to the other, but be at all times ready to cooperate for any honourable purpose.

Cromwel, having sacrificed as many victims, as he thought necessary to expiate the guilt of the insurrection, did not refuse to make some of those who were dipped in it

the objects of his clemency. Among these Clifford had received a free pardon. When he was at Winchester school, he was a stranger to the indulgences of wealth, and he professed to despise them. But, since that time, a distant relation of his, an adherent of the Catholic faith, had lost his only son, and now showed himself disposed to extend that protection to my rival, no particle of which could before by any importunity be extorted from him. In this case a round sum of money was disbursed to the protector, to secure the young man's discharge from all reckoning and trial. My own immunity was more easily accomplished, as I had been induced, though from no political considerations, and no calculation of consequences, to desert the cause of the royalists almost as soon as I was enlisted in it.

It was now resolved by Mrs Willis and Lord Montagu, that a formal reconciliation, between me, and the youth who had been

the cause of all my sufferings, should be effected, and that for that purpose Clifford should be invited to spend a few days at Beaulieu. Henrietta was deputed the ambassadress to prepare me for the interview. I have already related her divine discourses, how she applied her admirable leechcraft to the gaping wounds my mind had sustained, and with what earnestness she sought to inspire into me the principles of philanthropy, suavity of sentiment, and a true and heroical philosophy. I listened to her topics, for there was a charm in them against which no human bosom could be shut; I listened to the speaker, for she had an empire over my soul that no mortal perverseness could limit. She cast down all the intrenchments and bastions which my wilful passions had set up for my ruin, and entered with triumphant wheels the fortress of my heart.

She saw her time. She "took once a pliant hour," when heaven and earth smiled

upon her undertaking. She found in me an unwonted tranquillity and peace. We sat beneath the shade of some venerable elms, just on the bank of the stream, which fell with murmuring sound over some large stones, that seemed unavailingly to endeavour to choke the current. A gentle breeze played among the foliage. A single linnet from a neighbouring spray, poured forth its rich and melodious notes in joyous and endless succession. No sounds, but those of nature, and that befit the most sequestered retreat, were to be heard. A balmy incense reached us from some odoriferous shrubs, that grew on the further side. The sunbeams played, through the ever moving foliage, on the lawn beneath. Henrietta broke the charm that had hitherto sealed our lips, and pronounced the name of Clifford. I involuntarily shuddered.

"And why should not he be loved too?" said Henrietta. "Nature is love. See how the bending branches kiss the stream! Each

portion of nature nourishes its neighbour portion; and hence are derived health and vigour and harmony to all. See how the fawns upon yonder hill sport and gambol and frisk with each other! They have no reason to teach them this; but they derive from surer instinct the principle of mutual gaiety and love. And shall man, the lord of the creation, be less tender to his brother, man?

"Say, What has Clifford done to be shut out of this general bond of brotherhood? Ask yourself, and answer truly, Has he any bad passions that should exclude him from this benefit? The general fame respecting him is, that he is one of the kindest, the most simple-hearted and affectionate creatures that live: complacent in aspect, in his person lovely, and graceful in all his actions. Is this a being to be hated? Shall he be proscribed from the universal league? No; my Charles is too just and too honest for this."

"Henrietta," I cried, "take me, and mould me as you please. I can refuse you nothing. I will be the friend of Clifford!"

"Ah, Charles," she rejoined, "you are now my genuine brother. There wanted but this. You had a fault: who is exempt from error? But I see your nature purifying, all that was distorted and deceitful in the glass of your perceptions disappearing, and the whole converting into a fair and transparent medium, through which every thing shall be seen, not according to your preconceptions and prejudices, but as they are.

"Do you know, Charles, it was not for nothing that I introduced the name of Clifford! You have friends here, most anxious for your welfare, most watchful for your reputation, most profoundly concerned for your happiness and peace. Clifford will arrive upon a visit at Beaulieu House the day after to-morrow."

Why was it that I felt a serenity and a calm during this awful crisis, that I had

never before experienced at any period of my life? The soul of Mandeville seemed to have left me, and the soul of Henrietta to have entered my bosom in its stead. The moroseness of my temper, the gloom of my complexion, were gone. I no longer knitted my brows, or clenched my fists, or folded my arms: actions which before were almost habitual to me. I walked in air. I found nothing that seemed to oppose itself against the specific gravity of my frame, but all the elements were the ready and obedient ministers of my will.

It was, that I was satisfied with myself. I felt that I had made a gallant determination, and that all the world was in duty bound to look on and approve. Obstinate, firm, inflexible I had been before; but never satisfied. A cursed disposition is its own punisher. My natural temperament was gloomy, unsocial and ferocious; the creed of Hilkiah was the prolific mother of a thousand malignant impulses: I yielded

to these; I formed them into a system; I framed a multiplicity of ingenious reasonings recommending and applauding them: but they did not make me happy. I still had a bad conscience. The whole college of the Jesuits, with assiduity unrivalled, may form for man a code of artificial morality: nature will almost inevitably, at some solitary and sequestered hour, interpose her voice, and vindicate her insulted rights.

I was happy for these two days in a degree that I never experienced before. Alas, I am talking a language that hundreds will be found too fortunate to understand. They are perhaps daily and perpetually and for ever happy, because for ever full of that sweet accord, which I enjoyed for a moment. That which I harboured for two days, is their eternal inmate. That which was to me such unlooked for and celestial ravishment, is the element they respire. How must their angelic natures laugh at

my grossness, if in reality they are not moved by the diviner impulses of condolement and pity!

To some, on the contrary, it may seem surprising, that I persisted for two whole days, to contemplate with pleasure the scene that Henrietta had opened before me. How came it, that old habits did not once intrude, that old wounds did not fester, and smart, and throb within me? Partly it was for the reason already given, that the views Henrietta suggested to me, were new. These views, are they not beautiful? Where is the heart so hard and unsusceptible, that can contemplate them without some delight? For my own part, I was never tired of listening to such divine precepts. Partly it was, that I felt that "the day of my redemption was at hand." I had given myself up to despair. I was like what we read of the fallen angels, that could approach to Heaven's gates, that could image to themselves the songs and

the joy to be found within, but against whom a sentence of unmitigable and eternal exile had been promulgated. Was it nothing to me, to suppose, that even I might yet be admitted within the pale of my species, and that the joy that Henrietta had victoriously lighted up in my bosom, might be made of equal duration with my life? I saw the atmosphere of hell, in which I had been wrapped up, and almost suffocated for as long as I could remember, and which had thickened about me from year to year, gradually retiring, and sinking away into the distance, so that that Egyptian darkness which had enveloped my whole horizon, now seemed "a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand."

But the principal cause why the gladness and ease I now experienced, was without mixture, or recession into any thing of an opposite nature, was Henrietta. How could I be unhappy, when my guardian genius was for ever near me? When I rose in the

morning, I met Henrietta. We partook of our light and healthful refections together.

> Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
> Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
> And, till the star, that rose at evening bright,
> Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel,

we talked, or read, and rambled, and smiled. When I retired to rest, and was closed in my chamber, Henrietta was still with me. As long as I waked, I repassed the themes of our communication, and saw again in fancy her airy motions, and her bewitching attitudes. And, when I slept, still my dreams were full of Henrietta. What a change from the madness, wherein late I raved!

The day approached. I went with Henrietta to the mansion-house, with the certainty of seeing my rival. My features were composed to serenity; all was sunshine within. I examined my own spirit,

and was assured that the conquest I had gained was complete. The noble owner has skilfully contrived, that our meeting should take place on a day of solemn pomp. It was the anniversary of his Lordship's marriage; a mask was ordered to be performed by the younger branches of the family; and Sir William Davenant had come from London to superintend it. It was in the following year, that Sir William obtained permission from the existing government, to exhibit his musical entertainments in the nature of dramatic representation, publickly in Charter-House Yard. An idea had been entertained of assigning me a part in the present performance; but it was an occupation too irreconcilable to the turn of my mind: and Henrietta declined taking an active share, from delicacy, thinking it would be most agreeable to my humour that she should refuse. It was finally arranged, that there should be no performers but the children of the family,

assisted by a few persons who had been accustomed to pursue such employments for the sake of its profit.

The company assembled in a saloon, previously to the theatre being opened. Here it was that I saw Clifford. Here, as every where that he appeared, he seemed to me to fix all eyes, by the superior elegance of his person, gracefulness of his manners, and sweetness of his countenance. Lord Montagu took him by the hand, and led him towards Henrietta and me. "I think I have never given you cause of offence, Mandeville," said Clifford. "I hope," replied I, "that you will allow me to say as much on my part." "Then let us be friends," cried my beautiful adversary, "friends, now and for ever!" "It makes me happy," interposed our host, using the action corresponding to his words, "to join the hands of two young men of such distinguished merit and rank." Saying this, he led his guest away, as he had brought him to me. Clifford was the stranger,

and Lord Montagu condescended to introduce him to the most considerable of the persons present.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was well for me that our interview had been brief. Henrietta joined some of her female acquaintance, and I was in a moment alone. She probably thought it best to leave me for a short time to myself, and believed that any comment she might make on what she had seen, and how she felt, would for the instant be impertinent and unacceptable. I followed Clifford with my eye. It was still the same glistering vision that had for ever thrown me into shade. Presently he disappeared. I drew back all my intellectual powers into the chambers of my bosom. I examined anew the state of my heart.

I had met Clifford at his first advent, if I may so express it, valiantly. I bid the young and busy devil, that seemed with more than ordinary quickness to "tickle up and down my veins," lie still in my heart. I mastered myself, and thought, that I was as calm as a lake, when not the smallest breath stirs on its surface. Presently I caught myself breathing hard and with difficulty. "Away! away!" said I to the half-formed and embryo emotion. The whole interview occupied but a few seconds; and at the same instant Henrietta, my guardian genius, left my side. At that moment I felt like one of those animals, that are said to derive from nature a mortal antipathy to some other species. I was first sensible to a sort of disturbance in the presence of my adversary, that I could not account for. I firmly believe that I should have felt the same, if Clifford had been present, with my back turned towards him, and without my knowledge. Instinct

would have told me, The being is near, within whose presence thy "genius sinks rebuked." But, to return to the animal I mentioned. He is first disturbed; he shakes his mane; his hairs grow erect; he snuffs and snorts; his nostrils dilate themselves; his eyes emit sparkles of fire; he lashes his belly with his tail on this side and on that, with still augmenting fury; his wrath becomes at length too vast to be controled; and "the smoke of his nostrils is terrible." Such was I. So fierce was my antipathy; so dreadful were my struggles; so did hatred rise in my bosom, till it almost "burst with its fraught."

We passed from the saloon into the theatre. I took care to place myself at a distance from my enemy; I endeavoured to be calm; I sought to fix my whole attention on the performance. Yet, ever and anon, before I was aware, my eyes would withdraw themselves, and seek out Clifford. When I had found him, I started then, and drew them back as fast.

The entertainment being over, I withdrew, and walked by myself in the park. I turned my steps to the least frequented part of the inclosure.

"Mandeville!" said I, "you are a fool. What," I proceeded, "shall I suffer the worst part of my nature to get the better of me thus? Shall the gall that is within me overcome, and taint with its infection, all the wholsome and life-giving juices of this frame? No!

"I came hither this morning with resolutions, the purest and the most firm. Shall all this melt away in a moment? Is my whole frame so diseased, that it cannot bear the slightest touch of what is medicinal and healing? To-day I was a man, kind in my heart, and in my purpose lovely. Shall this goodness and honesty of my nature last but one day, and all the rest of my life be spent in the service of those demons, that exist only for the plague and torment of the human bosom? It is well

worth my while, an honour indeed to this soul that informs me, to have pledged me to resolves, that I cannot adhere to for a single sun!

"Mandeville, be just! Did a lovelier vision ever manifest itself to mortal eyes, than the whole figure and physiognomy of Clifford? Was not this the impression you received the first moment you saw him? And do not his character and dispositions fully answer to the promise of his countenance? Is not this the universal verdict of every one that knows him? Even to yourself, who seem to have conceived such an animosity against him, has he ever purposed an injury, has he ever acted any thing but kindness?

"Yes; I have suffered tremendous agonies; the blood has seemed, once and again, to start from my forehead, and trickle down my cheeks, by the interference of Clifford: I confess that. Well then, it is my function and my task to forgive. Magnanimity is

the crown of a man, is the befitting ornament of a gentleman, upon whom the partial course of society has heaped up vast possessions, that he may show a more generous spirit than the herd of his species. And, if I have still a part to act upon this mortal stage, my course, even in bare prudence, is to forgive. If I remember, the world also will remember, my disgraces at Winchester, and in Wiltshire. But, if I wipe them out from the records of my memory, I may reasonably expect that the world will reward my generosity with a reciprocal oblivion.

"And then, to whom is it that I have solemnly promised, to take Clifford to my bosom? Is it not to Henrietta, the empress of my fate, my only consolation on earth, that better part of my soul, for whom and by whom only I live? Yes, I have sworn, and it shall be performed!"

I had no sooner arrived at this calm-giving and peace-inspiring conclusion, than

I saw Henrietta in the distance. She had come out into the park to seek me. We rushed toward each other. She hastened to meet me, because she had been alarmed at my disappearance, and the savage disposition that she feared was implied by my plunging into solitude. I flew into her arms, proud of the feelings into which I had reasoned myself.

"Why have you gone away?" said Henrietta. "Where have you been?"

"The worst is past," answered I. "Clifford and I have met. That cost me a little more than I expected. That was nature's struggle. Every succeeding interview will be an easier task, till at length pain will turn into pleasure. You may be sure of me now."

"My brother!" replied Henrietta, "you cheer my heart. I have committed my soul upon this venture. You must not deceive me in it. No, I see plainly you will not."

She led me towards the house. The representation had been given by day-light; and it was now succeeded by a sumptuous entertainment. In passing to the hall where the dinner was spread, Clifford and I crossed each other. He gave me his hand. I pressed it in mine. It cost me less than in the former instance. The "mother" within me (as Shakespear calls it) was less obtrusive and troublesome than before. "I am glad," said I, "—very glad,—that we have met thus."

After dinner, the dishes were removed, and the conversation became general. One of the most considerable of the neighbouring gentry, who was not in the secret of the generous plot which Lord Montagu and Mrs Willis had formed in my behalf, now addressed himself to Clifford, and requested him to favour the company with the particulars of the extraordinary manner in which he had covered the flight of Sir Joseph Wagstaff, after the miscarriage of the royalists at Salisbury.

Clifford appeared a good deal embarrassed, at the way in which he was thus singled out by a gentleman of so much consideration. He begged, for particular reasons, to be excused from entering into the subject at present.

The gentleman who addressed him, though a man of much importance in the country, and who had formerly been a main pillar of the royal cause, was in other respects a mere sportsman, illiterate in his habits, and utterly a stranger to any refined notions of delicacy.

"Pooh, pooh, young man!" resumed he: "we all of us know why you are backward in entering into the subject. But modesty here is out of the question, and is often the most beggarly and back-handed friend that merit can have in its pay. If you have known how to do a noble thing, you must be condemned for your pains to tell all how and about it. There are no spies, my lad, in this company, but all cavaliers to the

back-bone: therefore begin. Here are several gentlemen near me who have never heard the story; and I do not myself know all the rights of it. I think myself lucky, to have met with the young fellow who made so extraordinary a figure in the business; and I will not be cheated of the opportunity such a meeting gives me, to learn more of the matter."

Clifford cast upon me a look of supplication and distress.

It may easily be supposed that I felt a little alarmed at the first mention of Sir Joseph Wagstaff. The morning on which I had been introduced to that officer had been the most unfortunate of my life. But, at the instant I describe, I was a new man, and my bosom beat with the most virtuous resolutions. The time had been, when the bare mention of this name, and that as the prelude to a story, and before so numerous and respectable a company, would have driven the colour from my cheek, and have

deprived me at once of speech, of hearing and sight; I should by turns have glowed like fire, and been covered from head to foot with a deathlike dew. But now I strung myself against these invasions of a mere animal nature.

The moment after Clifford had cast upon me the glance I have mentioned, I turned my eye upon Henrietta. I saw in her countenance the index of her sufferings, and that she would have given the world for some accident, that should have suddenly turned the attention of all to a different subject.

What I saw, infused into me new animation and energy. The distress of Clifford was a homage he paid to my feelings; that of Henrietta was my alarm to courage and heroism. "I will no longer be an object of pity and indulgence to others," said I internally; "I am capable of a higher and more honourable vocation; and to show that I can endure what requires much fortitude to endure, is the proper way to enter upon this career."

"It would give me pleasure to hear the story," said I across the table to Clifford, in a low, composed and distinct voice.

Clifford signified his assent to my request by a slight gesture of the head, and began:

"The unfortunate issue of the gallant undertaking of Sir Joseph and Penruddock," said he, "is sufficiently known. It began under the happiest auspices; but unfortunate differences that arose between the leaders, speedily led to the most disastrous reverse.

"After our retreat from Salisbury, we halted for a short time at Blandford, and there caused king Charles to be proclaimed in the market-place. This was however the last show of prosperity that attended us. We had the good wishes of many; but insurgents that appear to be on the retreat, are not likely to be recruited in their numbers. The characters of Penruddock and Sir Joseph were strongly contrasted with each other: the former had every quality

that could do honour to a gentleman, but he was not thoroughly penetrated, as Sir Joseph was, who had learned the rudiments of his art in the wars of Germany, with the principles of the military profession. At Salisbury our principal commander had conceived a plan of proceeding of the most decisive sort, the only one that could have led to a successful termination ; and in this he had been counteracted by the humane scruples of Penruddock. As Sir Joseph knew how to take advantage of the tide, when it was at the highest; so the same perspicacity of judgment led him instantly, to perceive when the chance of benefit was gone. On our leaving Blandford, and even before, he was thoroughly aware that our case was desperate. He called together the officers, and told them this, earnestly pressing them not to throw themselves away upon a vain point of honour, but to do, as became men engaged in the service of their king, to save their lives from the vengeance

of the tyrant, and reserve their zeal and their talents for some occasion, where they might be of substantial advantage. Penruddock on the contrary, being once engaged, could not endure to throw up the undertaking, and urged that, by going further westward, we should try what yet could be done with the gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall. Here then the leaders of the expedition divided: Sir Joseph, and the most distinguished military characters withdrew, and sought their safety in dispersion. The country-gentlemen and their followers kept together, reached Southmolton to the number of about two hundred,—and met the reward of their perseverance on the scaffold.

"I continued with Sir Joseph, to whose person I was by virtue of my appointment attached. I will not trouble you with any of our adventures, till we came to the house of a Mr Landseer near the coast of Devonshire, whose wife was a distant relation of my mother. Landseer was himself an ad-

herent of the existing government; his wife was strongly attached to the exiled family. It happened that Landseer had been absent for some years, on a commission which the republicans had given him to one of the northern courts, but was expected on his return in a few weeks. The fugitives from Salisbury were now chased almost from house to house; they were disappointed of a vessel, which they had expected to have found at Lymouth, ready to carry them off; captain Unton Croke in particular, a man wholly destitute of honour and humanity, was most assiduous in hunting them out from their hiding-places. It happened in one instance, that Sir Joseph, having already nearly exhausted the protection of the loyal houses in the neighbourhood, seemed to be driven in a manner to the last extremity. In this conjuncture it occurred to me to think of Mrs Landseer, whose house would be less exposed to the jealousy of the military, on account of her

husband's being in the employment of the present rulers. On my representation I was commissioned to repair to this lady, and, confident in her loyalty, to propose without any disguise, that she should receive Sir Joseph Wagstaff into her house, till one of the vessels should be discovered, which were known to be hovering on the coast for the purpose of carrying off the fugitives to France. Mrs Landseer readily entered into my proposal, and observed, that the most effectual way in which she could serve this gentleman, was to receive him as if he had been her husband. She added, that none of the servants in her house knew Landseer's person, he having taken with him in his embassy two or three of those that had been longest established in the family. Her house was too small to afford her any means of concealment; but, if she received Sir Joseph in this open manner, it would be impossible for any one to conceive that he was a malignant in dis-

guise. With this proposal then I hastened back to my principal, by whom it was accepted without an instant's hesitation. It was further concerted that Sir Joseph should sleep in the house of a neighbouring tenant, on the pretext that the political differences which had arisen between Mrs Landseer and her spouse, indisposed her, at least for the present, from receiving him with the unreserve and cordiality of a wife.

"This was a busy day with us. Sir Joseph was no sooner installed in his new character, than Captain Croke arrived in pursuit of him, satisfied that he was somewhere in this very neighbourhood. Sir Joseph had just had time to put off his travelling disguise, and to equip himself in the habiliments of the person he represented, which were in the highest style of puritanical formality. Among the many convivial qualities of my patron, one was that he was an admirable mimic; and he assumed the drawl and canting language of a thorough

Brownist in such perfection, as upon a less critical occasion would have risqued that Mrs Landseer and myself should have died with laughter. Captain Croke was completely the dupe of the scene. He warmly congratulated the supposed Landseer on his unexpected arrival; asked him many questions respecting the court he had visited, to all which Sir Joseph, who had seen the world, answered with consummate address; and in fine, earnestly enquired how soon he would set out for London, to give an account to his employers of the success of his embassy. My principal, who thoroughly enjoyed this scene, and would hardly have been prevented from enjoying it, if he had seen a scaffold prepared for him the moment he quitted it, went on to overact his part. He pressed Captain Croke so earnestly to dine with him, that at last the republican yielded. He said he would first make a circuit of some of the neighbouring mansions, in search of that villain,

the rebel commander, and would then return; leaving in the meantime one of his serjeants with us, as security for the performance of his promise.

" Croke had no sooner turned his back upon us, than a courier arrived, with the unwelcome intelligence, that the true Landseer had taken land at Ilfracombe, and might be expected to reach his own dwelling in the course of an hour. The serjeant was luckily in the stables at the receipt of this message, and was therefore unacquainted with its import. Sir Joseph and I, now thoroughly alarmed, prepared for immediate departure. The conjuncture was portentous. Croke would be back in less than three hours, and would then detect the cheat that had been imposed upon him. The serjeant, if he were a fellow of any adroitness, would discover the trick sooner; and he and the true Landseer would set on foot a pursuit after us, before we had almost commenced our flight. We cursed

the hour when we entered this dangerous abode, and still more the ill-timed and ill-indulged humour of Sir Joseph, that had fixed upon us the return of that notorious rebel-hunter, Croke.

"Landseer, however, instead of following his *avant-courier* in an hour, arrived in a few minutes after him, and to our utter confusion entered the parlour, just as we were taking our sad and hurried leave of his wife. The serjeant had now caught up the intelligence, that another person, claiming to be the owner of the house, had arrived; and, as in duty bound, he entered the parlour at the same time with the stranger, that he might see every thing with his own eyes, and draw his own conclusions. An extraordinary scene ensued. Here were two Mr Landseers, both dressed in the same habiliments, and each asserting his rights as master of the house. The newly arrived demanded, with a haughty and a furious tone, what was the meaning of all he saw? Sir

Joseph, with admirable composure, and with the most edifying and saint-like tone and gesture, requested the intruder to moderate his anger, and to quit a dwelling where he had not the smallest right to be found. Mrs Landseer was appealed to, and decided for Sir Joseph as her true husband. After much wrangling and violence, I proposed that the serjeant should retire to the outside of the door for a few minutes, till the dispute was settled. I then desired Sir Joseph to withdraw into the inner room, and leave me and my cousin alone with the new-comer.

"This arrangement was no sooner effected, than I lost no time, in laying before Landseer the true state of the case, and imploring his compassion. I told him, that his unexpected guest was no other than the gallant Sir Joseph Wagstaff, who had been totally defeated in his insurrection, was flying before a merciless enemy, and desired no more than to escape with life to his master

in France, whose cause was now totally desperate and hopeless. I put it to him as pathetically as I could, whether he could reconcile it to the honourable disposition I had ever known in him, with his own hands to deliver up to the scaffold a gentleman, who claimed the sacred hospitality of his roof. I flattered him for dispositions for which he was not remarkable, that I might wake the embers of humanity in his breast. My cousin joined her intreaties to mine; but he was steeled against all she could say, from anger that, at first meeting after an absence of years, she should have denied that he was her husband. I interposed here. I observed that, Croke's serjeant being present, this was a cruel necessity imposed on the lady, and that, if she had faltered in the least, it would have cost a gentleman his life, who had thrown himself upon her generosity. It fortunately happened, that I had more than once spent some weeks, while quite a boy, under the

roof of this Landseer; and had always been his special favourite. He ended therefore with confessing, that he could deny nothing to his old playfellow, who had made him merry a thousand times, when his heart was most a prey to constitutional melancholy.

"The next question was, how my commanding officer could be most effectually screened from his blood-thirsty pursuers. And here I boldly suggested, that no method could adequately answer the purpose, unless that of supporting and carrying through the deception that had already been practised: Sir Joseph must still be affirmed to be the true Landseer. 'And what then am I?' rejoined the republican. 'Consider, my dear Sir,' said I intreatingly; 'it but for a day; and it is for the life of a gentleman in distress; What good will it do you to take away his life?' 'And what then am I?' repeated my kinsman with impatience. 'Why you, Sir, must personate Sir Joseph.'

"Landseer started back three paces at the proposition. 'And shall I, one of the known champions of the liberties of England, for an instant assume the name, and act the person of one of its destroyers? of a cavalier? of a malignant? of a reprobate? No, Lionel; no consideration on earth shall induce me to submit to such a degradation. Let your general be gone; I will do him no harm; I will use no means for pursuing him.'

"'Do not deceive yourself, sweet kinsman,' rejoined I. 'If you do not protect him, if you do not lend yourself for a few hours to his preservation, you are his destroyer. The infernal Croke is within a short distance; his serjeant is on the other side the door. No earthly power can save us from the tyrant.'

"While I was yet speaking, Sir Joseph opened the door, and came out of the inner room. 'Thank you, Clifford,' said he; 'a thousand thanks to this good lady; I

thank you too, Mr Landseer, for as much kindness and forbearance as you have professed towards me. But life is not worth accepting on these terms; I will never disgrace the master whose livery I wear; whether I live or die, it shall be with the gallantry which, I trust, has hitherto marked all my actions. Clifford, call in the serjeant!'

"'No,' replied I. 'For this once I must take upon me to disobey you, Sir Joseph. If this gentleman,' pointing to Landseer, 'is inexorable, at least the deed of surrendering you, a stranger, under his own roof, shall be his.' And, as I spoke, I advanced towards the bell, that I might order the serjeant to be called in. 'This is the gentleman,' added I, turning to Landseer for the last time, 'whose head you are by your own act to cause to roll on the scaffold.'

"There is something in the sight of a human creature, upon whom you are your-

self called on to pronounce a sentence of death, that produces the most terrible recoil in every human bosom. A man ought to be a judge by his office, that can do this, and then sit down gaily, and with a good appetite, to his dinner. But Landseer had never been a judge. Sir Joseph Wagstaff stood before him. I thought I had never seen so perfect a gentleman, with so frank and prepossessing a countenance, and an air so unassuming and yet so assured, as was presented before me at that moment. The self-command, by no means resembling a stoical apathy and indifference, but inspired by an unexaggerated view of all the circumstances, combined with what he felt due to his own honour, that displayed itself in his visage and attitude, was deeply impressive. There was but a moment, a slight articulation of the human voice, that remained between him and death.

" ' He shall not die,' said Landseer. ' Do with me as you please. He shall be Land-

seer; I will be Wagstaff. I have only this morning set my foot on English ground after an absence of years, and my first home-act shall be one, that it may please me at other times, and in the hour of my own agony, to recollect.'

"This capital point being settled, the rest was easy. We called in the serjeant, but for a different purpose than had been spoken of an instant before. Landseer stated to him, that he was in reality Sir Joseph Wagstaff; that, hearing that the master of the house was absent on the continent, and being in the greatest distress for a hiding-place, he had thought this a good opportunity, for prevailing on a lonely female to afford him a brief protection. But all his hopes had been blasted, by finding the master of the house arrived a few hours before him, who was too much devoted to the protectoral government to consent to give him the smallest harbour. He was therefore reduced to make a virtue of necessity; and,

delivering his sword into the hands of the officer, he added, 'I am your prisoner; use me well.' The serjeant repeated to him the deceitful cant that had been employed to the other prisoners, and told him that he had nothing to fear, for he would find himself included with Penruddock, in the capitulation that had been made at Southmolton.

"The arrangement of the affair was now in our own hands. Landseer was constituted a prisoner, as Sir Joseph Wagstaff; and we of course took care to secure for him as good treatment as we could. The place of his confinement was a summer-house in the garden, with one centinel, Captain Croke's serjeant, at the door, and another, who was really one of his own servants, beneath the single window of his apartment. This was one of his new houshold: the old servants had remained with his baggage, when he pressed forward on the spur, and had come home alone. Captain Croke speedily arrived from his cruise without any success;

but he was transported to find the commanding officer in custody at his return. We sent the prisoner his dinner from his own table; and in the course of the afternoon Captain Croke and Sir Joseph, who, as I before said, was delighted with his talents for mimicry, and who had caught some fresh hints from the brief intercourse he had had with his original, became the best friends in the world. The next day we learned that the vessel we had been in search of was ready; and we embraced the opportunity to depart, while Croke was out for his morning's ride. We took a brief and constrained leave of Landseer, whom Sir Joseph emphatically thanked for his generous self-denial and clemency. I had the pleasure to see my commanding officer safe on board: here my commission ended: I returned straight to my mother, and am therefore unable to tell you how Croke and the ambassador settled their accounts, when the necessity for deception existed no longer."

## CHAPTER X.

The narrative of Clifford was listened to with great eagerness from all sides. Every one expressed astonishment at the admirable dexterity, firmness and presence of mind which had thus been displayed by a youth of nineteen. Nor were they less struck with the beautiful simplicity with which he related the adventure, rehearsing every thing that passed in the most direct and unaffected manner, and seeming to be himself wholly unconscious of those fine qualities discovered in his own conduct, which every one else contemplated with wonder and delight.

Words cannot express what passed in my mind during this trying scene. I had begun to be virtuous. I had just enter-

ed upon a new career. I had found my own frailty in the first encounter of Clifford. I had retired into solitude, and had resolutely engaged in the conquest of this frailty. I possessed that, which divines have described as the most important qualification for a victory over our corrupt nature, a clear perception of my own weakness. The preparation I had thus passed through, appeared to be of the greatest service to me. I sat unmoved, as if I had been a statue hewed out of marble. If painful reflections sometimes obtruded themselves on my mind, as the narrator proceeded from point to point, I suppressed them, with the same austerity which Ulysses manifested, while he listened, in his disguise, to the pathetic complaints of his loved Penelope; of whom the poet says,

> The hero much was moved to see her mourn,
> Whose eyes yet stood as dry, as iron or horn,
> In his untroubled lids.*

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* Chapman.

And when the story was finished, I yet commanded myself sufficiently to join in the general applause. I however soon took an opportunity to withdraw.

My walk was no longer confined to Lord Montagu's park, but plunged me into the wildest parts of the forest. Not like my morning's walk, was my roving after dinner. That had served to tranquillize my tempestuous feelings. It was the presence of Clifford that had then disturbed me; and when I had got beyond the extent of his atmosphere, I appeared to grow calm again. But that was in a moderate and imperfect state of my disease; it was gone beyond that now. The more I thought, the worse I became. I was but half a demon, when I came out at the park-gate, and set my first step into the forest. But now my better angel, my new-found virtue, was driven from my side as with a puff of wind; and Mandeville was himself again—the same pernicious creature that the preceding sheets have described him!

"For what end," said I, "was this story related in my hearing; could not the wretched vanity of this animal have curbed itself for a single day? Must that very point in the kalendar, that brought us once more together—must it also witness this sanguinary insult?

"Yes, yes, I see well enough what was intended. What a contrast between the secretaryship of Mandeville, and the secretaryship of Clifford! Mine was no sooner begun, than it finished: and it is imputed to me, that I withdrew from my duty and my faith, and sheltered myself in ignominious safety. The secretaryship of Clifford was persisted in to the end; and, brief as was its period, it did not conclude without fixing on his brow, now and for ever, the imperishable honours, of an inventive spirit inspired from the heart, a presence of mind that no peril could overawe, and a fidelity that was proof against every danger. Clifford, like myself a mere stripling, and lately my

school-fellow, succeeded in leading his principal unhurt through the midst of his foes, saw him in safety on board the vessel that was to bear him to a hospitable shore, and returned to his domestic roof and his fireside, exulting in the consciousness of his heroism and his worth.

"He that does a good and an honourable deed, is worthy of praise. But he that constitutes himself the historian of his own merits, and the puffer of his own worth, is entitled to contempt only. All posterity have shown their sense of that, in the character of Cicero. The oriental sultan, that styled himself 'King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, Emperor of Babylon, Steward of Hell, Porter of Paradise, Constable of Jerusalem, Flower of the Universe, and Cousin to the Great God,*' might be a man, robust of frame, and powerful in intellectual

* This is literally copied from a record in the Heralds' College, of a letter addressed to King Henry VIII.

resources; but, having thus announced himself before he appeared, how wretched and pitiful a creature, in the eyes of any one of sound judgment, must his person have looked!

"And is Clifford any thing of that extraordinary nature, that he gives him out to be? I repented of my candour of the morning. It is true, his skin is smooth, and the contour of his body is sleek: but this is not the index of real salubrity; it is the emblem of that overweening and venomous self-conceit by which he is inflated. I see the insolence of his gait, assumed to trample on all merit, but his own. I see the falseness of his eye, personating all softness, all tenderness, all consideration for another, and then suddenly snatched away in the unfeelingness of triumph, and the congratulation of having well deceived. I see the insidious curl of that lip, that to a discerning eye expresses volumes. The sound of his voice makes me start again with the

hollowness and treachery of its cadences. Yes, I feel an instinctive antipathy to the wretch: but it is the voice of God, warning me of my danger; it is founded upon reasons and indications as infallible as the pillars of creation. He has indeed a superficial grace, well adapted to ensnare the thoughtless and unwary, that thinly veils his Satanic soul. But is it not strange, that minds even of moderate discernment, do not perceive what I see so clearly, the hostile gesture that effectually betrays the secret soul? Conspiracy, and that only, can explain the mystery. They see it as plainly as I do; but they bely their senses, and will not own to the truth!"

I recollected Henrietta: Henrietta, that had hitherto seemed to possess the master-key of my soul. But the time was past for that now. My condition was like that spoken of in Job. An attempt had been made to "shut up the ocean-tide with doors." For a moment the object was at-

tained. But the indignant waters roared and chafed, and grew white with portentous foam. At length they burst the bounds that would have confined them, and bore away every impediment,

> Swept with them houses, herds, and flocks,
> And trees entire, and broken rocks,
> Making the woods and mountains roar. *

Such was the present condition of my soul. It was a vehement and a terrible effort that I had made, to suppress my nature, to substitute mildness for my native ferocity, to be kind, and forbearing, and benign, when it was my nature's hint to be restless, and stubborn, and dark of soul; and, in proportion to the exertions that it had cost me, was the vehemence of the recoil, when the bough that had been bent was constrained no longer. Philosophy, how specious is

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* Horace, by Sir Richard Fanshaw, Book iii, Ode 29.

thy name, and how mighty thy vaunts! Preach it to a man at his ease; and he will think that you have furnished him with a machine framed for all occasions, and an engine, such as Archimedes boasted of, that might move a world. But the passions of the human mind laugh at philosophy; and the events that the course of affairs brings forth to torture us, render its boasts as impotent, as the menaces of a man that had lost the use of his limbs.

I said that I wanted a friend; and I defined a friend to be, "he to whom I can bear to speak, and whom I can bear to hear." Why could not Henrietta be my friend? She could speak with eloquence divine; and I could bear to hear her; and, while she spoke, my soul became her prisoner, and all her accents had over me the power of enchantment. But, unfortunately, the converse of the proposition totally failed. I could not speak to her in return. I pined for her approbation. It will here-

after sufficiently appear that I could do things that would excite her discontent. But I could not speak them. No; nor could I have acted them in her presence, with the chance, that in doing so I might glance the expressive lines of her countenance, and that the beam of her resistless eye might be bent upon me. How then could I premeditatedly lay bare my bosom in her sight, and expose all its blackness and deformities? My reasons, while they passed before me in tremendous array in my solitudes, and I dwelt upon them in all the fervours of an agitated spirit, were unanswerable: but, oh! I know well enough what judgment she would pronounce; I had a secret inspiration that lighted me into her soul, and showed me, or ever I spoke, how she would censure my crimes, or, which was worse, despise my weakness. My lips therefore were, in this regard, for ever closed in her presence; and, in a

question of such vital importance, I had no benefit from her love.

One thing I determined on,—that I would see Clifford no more. The world was wide enough for both of us. Let him, the beggar! hide himself in his hovel; let him keep far from the terrace, where I mean to tread! I was in some degree improved, from the latest feelings I experienced at Winchester School. No; I would do him no harm! I retained still so much of Henrietta's philosophy. The world was stored with a thousand blessings! The splendours of prosperity offered themselves to my acceptance. What would not wealth purchase? What might not talents achieve? All I asked was, that Clifford would stand out of my sun. That surely was a small matter. If by fair means he would not yield to this, I might obtain it by force. With the resources which fell to me by inheritance, I might cause him to be kidnapped, and transported to the American

plantations. Then I should have elbow-room. Was I not indeed a happy man, since there was but one thing existing on the face of the earth, that offended me, and of which I could not endure the approach? —So idly I reasoned! So little was I aware of the cogs, the sockets, and the teeth, by which the different parts of the social system are connected with each other, and are made to act and react in perpetual succession, and to sympathise to their remotest members!

## CHAPTER XI.

HAVING formed my plan, I instantly hastened home. There was no one in the house but a servant. I took pen and paper, and wrote to Henrietta, to say, without assigning any reason for my conduct, that I was going for a few days on a visit to a franklin near Winchester, at whose house I had once been boarded during a fit of illness, while I was at school, and who, having succeeded to the inheritance of a distant relation, had been very importunate with me to spend a few days under his roof, and partake with him in such rural sports as his neighbourhood afforded.

This visit seemed to be of considerable service to me. I studiously accommodated myself to the manners of my host, who, with no small independence and firmness of character, cared little for what was passing among kingdoms and their rulers, was still less acquainted with the refinements of literature, and shut up his thoughts within that circle to which his station in life obviously destined him. He was hardy and robust from nature and from discipline; and I joined in his exercises from choice, for I persuaded myself that this change would prove the medicine of my mind. When we returned from our pursuits in the fields, he was cheerful, sociable and agreeable. He was not destitute of fancy, though this faculty within him was unmoulded and uninstructed by any rule. Whatever he had once seen, he seemed to have considered with no unobservant eye, and he could describe with accuracy, vivacity and humour. This was the more amusing to me, because

it had all the raciness of originality, with no spark of imitation in it.

How long this uncultivated scene would have pleased me, I know not. It was totally alien to all my preceding habits, and therefore, I take it for granted, it would not have pleased me long. But for the few days I continued here, I was thoroughly satisfied. I was sick of that fretful and turmoiled existence I had lately experienced, and I sought repose. The fresh feel of the morning air, when we went out with our dogs and our guns, breathed new life into me; and the plenteous board, and the flowing cups, undebauched with rude intemperance, which marked our evenings, seemed the very emblem of cheerfulness. Once or twice we were joined by the rural neighbours of my friend; they came home with us, and each man cracked his joke, and told his tale:—all but myself. The same taciturnity still followed me here, as elsewhere. But they forgave me. They

made allowance for the university-man. The less I said, the more room there was for the rest to hear themselves speak. I was inoffensive; I seemed good-humoured; and I was the stranger, whom every one appeared desirous to consider, and to make easy.

What a life was this! Was it possible to pass the whole of the short term of human existence in this tranquil scene? Here no cares appeared to intrude; no vexations to break the midnight slumber; scarcely any thing even to distinguish the events of one day from the events of the next. This seems of all things most exactly to answer to the idea of the poet,* of a life spent in dulcet idleness, forgetting all, and by all forgotten, wrapt in happy, yet unenviable obscurity, full of enjoyment, yet leaving no marks behind it that it had ever been.

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* Horace.

The night before I quitted the house of my Hampshire farmer, suggested to me the notion, that I had been over sanguine in the prognostic I entertained of my future tranquillity. I dreamed of Clifford. Long was the scenic controversy in which we were engaged, and various the actors. Henrietta was joined in inflicting on me the torture that distracted my sleeping thoughts. Some charge was made upon me, the particulars of which, after I awoke, I could never exactly recollect, but which had fired my blood, and distended every fibre of my frame. Some misconstruction was made of my words, some foul and calumnious accusation started against me, void of the remotest foundation in truth, but which all the asseverations I could make were ineffectual to remove. I threw myself upon my knees with impassioned vehemence, and uttered the most dreadful imprecations upon myself, if there were a particle of truth in what was alleged against

me. My hair seemed to me, as I slept, to stand erect, and my eyes to have their balls enlarged, as ready to burst from their sockets. Scarcely ever, when I was awake, and engaged in the heart-appalling realities of life, had I experienced an equally tumultuous commotion of soul.

Such was my dream. It brought me down from the brutish philosophy, and disdainful indifference of spirit, in which for a few days I had indulged. "No," said I to myself, "Clifford is my fate. Present or absent, waking or sleeping, I can never get rid of him. What matters it then, if I were to ship him for Virginia, or banish him to the regions of Japan? He is part of myself, a disease that has penetrated to my bones, and that I can never get rid of, as long as any portion of consciousness shall adhere to the individual Mandeville. If I were to sharpen my dagger's point, and send him to the grave; from the grave he would haunt me, and my crime would

prove utterly unavailing. Still I should see him, when I slept; still I should think of him, while I waked; and he would be the unexhausted ingredient, that turned the cup of my existence into poison."

When the next morning I again made my appearance in my farmer's hall, the apartment was no longer the same, and the air of the persons I saw in it was wholly altered in my eyes. The farmer bade me good-morrow; but I had no spirits to return his salute. The dogs bounded into the room, and fawned upon me. Oh, how loathsome to my changed soul was every thing I saw! I was astonished at myself that I could for a moment have been made the dupe of such idiot avocations. I took a hasty and a melancholy leave of my host; and turned my horse's head once more to the village of Beaulieu.

I saw Henrietta. She immediately remarked my haggard eye, my pallid cheek, and my altered demeanour. She marked

it, but she made as if she marked it not. Most judiciously she refrained, from saying a single word of Clifford, and from offering at the smallest inquiry respecting my abrupt departure and my sudden return. Clifford, whose visit it was originally purposed should be a short one, had departed before I came back. Henrietta conceived that the wisest thing she could do, was to engage my attention with some indifferent subject. She had just been reading Sir Walter Raleigh's Narrative of his First Voyage to Guiana; and she asked me what I thought of it. We both of us agreed, that this statesman and philosopher was one of the most extraordinary and illustrious characters, that our native island had produced. Yet, how reconcile the narrative of his first voyage, with the contents of the second; the splendid description of the kingdom and city of Manoa, equal in magnificence to any thing that oriental imagination had ever figured, and that was to

be found in the centre of the South American continent,* with the poor story of a mine to be opened near the mouth of the river Oronooko, that made the subject of his second narrative? Was it to be conceived, that a man of so lofty a genius, and so proud a spirit, would sink himself to the wretched level of a traveller, the deliberate inventor of lies? From Sir Walter we passed to the other mighty men, the ornaments of the reign of Elizabeth, the statesman Walsingham, the philosopher Bacon, the accomplished Sidney, the chivalrous Essex, the patriarch of luxuriant description and fancy Spenser, and, more than all, the omnipotent Shakespear.

I found Henrietta almost equally well-informed upon all these subjects; and her

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* The yet unspoiled
Guiana, whose great citie Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado.

MILTON.

unerring judgment was, if I may so express myself, so beautifully relieved by the *naiveté* of her language, and the originality of her remarks, that the whole constituted an inexhaustible spring of amusement and delight. Yes; Henrietta was all, and more than all, she ever had been. But, oh, I was no longer the same, as when I paid my first visit to Beaulieu! Henrietta did not now possess the same unlimited power over me as at first. She could not, or, if she could, it was for very short intervals, make herself the despotic mistress of my faculties, and carry me away from all my recollections, my associations, and my griefs. I had not then seen Clifford. Now, wherever I went, I had still the head of the fatal arrow sticking in my breast, that throbbed and smarted and rankled within me, and from time to time occasioned me paroxysms of indescribable anguish.

But Henrietta was a physician, the ardour of whose attentions no discourage-

ment could quell. She plied me from day to day with interesting topics and cheerful discussions. She considered me in fact, as a person whose intellectual health had unfortunately been shaken, and who stood in need of a peculiarly delicate and forbearing treatment, to restore him to that constancy which the vicissitudes of human life might require. She discarded that more frank and direct mode of proceeding which she had at first adopted, and now sought to cure me, less by remedies immediately applied to the source of the disease, than by diverting my attention to indifferent objects. In the execution of this plan she had considerable success. I grew every day less disturbed in my thoughts, and gradually exhibited a degree of serenity, which did great credit to her skill.

## CHAPTER XII.

For some time after my return, I absented myself from Lord Montagu's, and even felt a repugnance to all society beyond the circle of our own cottage. When about a week had elapsed, Edward and Ralph Montagu called one morning together at the cottage, and pressed me and my sister to dine with them that day. They particularly talked in raptures of a young Marquis de Gevres, who had just arrived from France, and was now on a visit at their father's house. He had been introduced to them as the perfect paragon of the court of the young king (Louis XIV), who had

lately been declared major, had gone through the solemnity of his coronation, and had made his first campaign in Flanders. They swore to us that he was the most elegant young man, with the most graceful carriage, and the easiest and gayest conversation they had ever seen. To this they added, that he had an uncommon nobleness of air, and that the good sense of his observations upon every thing that he had heard or seen, was altogether wonderful: Henrietta joined in their importunity that I would accept the invitation. I was myself not without an inclination to comply. The Marquis de Gevres spoke French only. But we were none of us to seek in that accomplishment. I had always possessed a peculiar facility in learning languages, and had taken care at Oxford to supply myself with an excellent master. In my distempered state of mind, I felt as if I were sick of "the old familiar faces," and wanted a certain infusion of novelty, to

restore me to a fresh and robust habit of soul.

The Marquis by no means disappointed the expectation, which the two young noblemen had excited respecting him. Lord Montagu gave a dinner to the persons of highest rank and fashion in the vicinity of the Forest, with a view to produce in his distinguished guest as advantageous an idea as he was able, of the gentry of England. The Marquis himself was accompanied by two of his equals in rank and age from his own country. The company that sat down to dinner consisted of nearly twenty persons.

After various enquiries respecting the king of France, and the cardinal, and the Prince of Condé, and Monsieur Turenne, to all of which the Marquis answered in the most intelligent manner, some one turned the conversation to the exiled family of England. That topic was a melancholy one. The court of Versailles had for

years been engaged in the civil war, known by the name of the *Fronde;* the young king was repeatedly expelled from his capital, and made thoroughly acquainted with the discipline of adversity. The ministers had been involved in the greatest embarrassments, and driven to much difficulty to support the little shadow of their pageantry. They had been able therefore to do little or nothing to support the house of Stuart. The Marquis however spoke with the greatest attachment of the members of that house. King Charles, he said, was a young man of infinite vivacity and wit, and bore his misfortunes with a gallantry to which no words could do justice. The Duke of York was a person of unquestioned bravery; and the sobriety and sedateness of his manner gained him a thousand friends. He next spoke of the widowed queen and her only surviving daughter. King Charles and his brothers, he said, had often been reduced to pecuniary straits; but the queen

with the protector's secretary, Thurloe, and had been condemned accordingly in Germany to be shot, by the sentence of a council of war.

The Marquis de Gevres seemed himself to be well acquainted with the counsels of King Charles. He had seen the Earl of Rochester and Sir Joseph Wagstaff, a few days before they took their passage to England, for the purpose of countenancing and forwarding the insurrection projected by Penruddock and others. He mentioned a very dangerous scheme of which he had received information, that had been plotted for the purpose of making Cromwel master of the consultations of the insurgents here, as he was already, through Manning, acquainted with the leading particulars of what passed at the little court of king Charles at Cologne. He said, it was well known, that a youth of seventeen, of one of the first families in Great Britain, though he could not recollect his name, had had thebaseness

to submit to be made a tool for this purpose. He had been introduced to the commander of the western army for the purpose of being appointed secretary to the expedition; and, had it not been for the vigilance and caution of Sir Joseph Wagstaff and Lord Bellasis, this infernal design would have succeeded.——

It was speedily perceived by my zealous friends, the Montagus, what course the disquisition of the Marquis de Gevres was taking, and they hastened to interrupt him. Several of the persons present were aware of my unfortunate adventure in Penruddock's army, and a considerable degree of confusion took place in the company. It may easily be imagined what I felt.

The good Lord Montagu himself, with the utmost promptness, entered into my vindication. He told the Marquis, that the young gentleman whom he had so hastily censured, was one of the present company, as he, the Marquis, would pro-

bably have observed, had he not, as he had just mentioned, forgotten the name of the person against whom he had pointed his accusation.

Lord Montagu then turned to me. He said, he was sincerely grieved that such harsh and ungentleman-like terms had been applied to me in my presence; but added that, if I reasoned justly on the circumstances, I should rather be disposed to count it fortunate, as it afforded him an opportunity of amply clearing the misapprehension, which had in some way been entertained respecting my conduct. Lord Montagu then assured the Marquis de Gevres, that I had always been well disposed towards the royal cause, that my father had fallen in the service of the late king in Ireland, and that the whole of the story to which his guest had alluded, was a mere question of priority of appointment between me and another young gentleman, my competitor, and by no means implied the slight-

est reflection on my loyalty, which was unquestioned. He further requested the Marquis upon his return, to clear up this mistake to king Charles, and to assure his majesty, upon his authority, and that of one or two other persons of distinction at the table, to whom he pointed, of my unshaken fidelity and generous devotion to the royal cause.

The foreigner was profuse in the expression of his regrets to me, for the offence he had unwarily committed. He assured me, that nothing could give him sincerer pleasure than the distinguished testimony which had that day been borne to my honour: and he hoped it would not be long, before I should give him an opportunity of proving in his own country the particular esteem he entertained for me; and he trusted, that from that day I would confer on him the favour of admitting him into my friendship. He added, that he would make a point of seizing the earliest opportunity of reporting

what he had that day heard, to my Sovereign, to whom, and to some of whose confidential servants, he saw that my character had been much misrepresented.

Some men in my situation would perhaps have been well satisfied, with the generous vindication of Lord Montagu, and the ample apology of the Marquis. It has been seen what an effect the same accusation had produced upon me, when uttered by the son of Sir Charles Lisle. It was then delivered obscurely, in the brown and unornamented apartment of a college student, with no creature near, except him who spoke, and me who heard. The same story was now repeated, in the sumptuous hall of a revered peer of Great Britain, before some of the first personages of the country, and by a nobleman of France, who had been introduced to me as the adequate representative of that illustrious kingdom. Why was this? What had I done? Was I that loathsome and detested thing, an in-

former? Had I sold myself to the destroyer of my country? For ever had I been the votary of truth. The solitariness of my first education had entailed on me the most unsuspecting simplicity and singleness of character. I can scarcely recollect that once in any instance I had averred a falsehood, except when, moved by the intreaties and agony of Waller, I generously took his offence upon myself. I was not prepared therefore to be the victim of calumny, and to lie for ever oppressed under a mountain of malignant forgeries.

But, it will be said, I was no sooner accused on the present occasion, than my character received the most ample vindication. Alas! vindication in these cases partakes of the same qualities, that Homer ascribes to prayer. Slander,

Strong, and sound of feet,
Flies through the world, afflicting men:

but vindication, lame, wrinkled and imbecile, for ever seeking its object, and never obtaining it, follows after, only to make the person in whose behalf it is employed, more completely the scorn of mankind. The charge against me would be heard by thousands; the vindication by few. Wherever vindication comes, is not the first thing it tells of the unhappy subject of it, that his character has been tarnished, his integrity suspected, that base motives and vile actions have been imputed to him, that he has been scoffed at by some, reviled by others, and looked at askance by all? Yes; the worst thing I would wish to my worst enemy, is that his character should be the subject of vindication. And what is the well known disposition of mankind in this particular? All love the scandal. It constitutes a tale that seizes upon the curiosity of our species; it has something deep, and obscure, and mysterious in it; it is whispered from man to man, and communicated

by winks, and nods, and shrugs, the shaking of the head, and the speaking motion of the finger. But vindication is poor, and dry, and cold, and repulsive. It rests in detections, and distinctions, explanations to be given to the meaning of a hundred phrases, and the setting right whatever belongs to the circumstances of time and of place. What bystander will bend himself to the drudgery of thoroughly appreciating it? Add to which, all men are endowed to a certain degree with the levelling principle, as with an instinct. Scandal includes in it, as an element, that change of fortune, which is required by the critic from the writer of an epic poem, or a tragedy. The person respecting whom a scandal is propagated, is of sufficient importance, at least in the eyes of the propagator and the listener, to be made a subject for censure. He is found, or he is erected into, an adequate centre of attack; he is first set up as a statue to be gazed at, that he may afterwards be

thrown drown, and broken to pieces, crumbled into dust, and scattered to all the winds of heaven.

It was sufficiently observable, even according to the admission of the Marquis de Gevres himself, that king Charles, and some of his confidential servants had already formed their sentiments respecting me. Should I stoop to the misery of being set right in their opinion? What a prologue was this, to the "swelling theme" of imperial ambition! The meanest creature that lives, is entitled to set out in the drama of life unblown upon, and, if unrecommended, at least left to work out his way in the intricacies of human society, according to his faculties and his inherent resources. My character was blotted in England; it was blotted in France. My countrymen had heard ill of me at home; my king, and his generous followers in exile, had received that impression of me abroad. The same bitter thoughts returned to me, that had

attended upon my first hearing this unmerited reproach at Oxford. "If I take the wings of the morning," said I, "and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea," this calumny shall pursue me! "If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, behold, the night shineth as the day, and the darkness and the light are both alike!"

It has already been seen, that all the agony and passion that I suffered from the diversified circumstances that persecuted me, terminated in Clifford. In the present conjuncture I said within myself a thousand times, It is enough on any occasion for Clifford to be interposed, to render life a burden to me too great to be endured. I never knew what misery was, till I met him at Winchester. How often and how deeply on that spot did he cause me to drink of the cup of agony! I left Winchester, and was again at peace—till in fatal hour he crossed me again in my excursion into Wiltshire. And now these busy

Montagus, and the officious Henrietta, the moment I had obtained an interval of tranquillity, put themselves forward, forsooth! to effect a reconciliation between us. Yes, such reconciliation there shall be, as between fire and gunpowder, or between the tiger and the lamb! Might they not have been contented with things as they were, without interposing this ill-omened mediation? Had I not already gone mad for Clifford? Was not this the man, for whose sake I had undergone whips and chains, a dark chamber and ignominious cords? Had he not by his machinations reduced me to the condition of a beast? Oh, yes, it was a precious invention, that I should meet this man in peace, should return him smile for smile, profess myself his eternal friend, and undertake to walk with him, hand in hand, through the weary pilgrimage of life?

Hatred, bitter and implacable hatred, became now more than ever the inmate of my bosom. I lived but for one purpose, the

extinction of Clifford. This was the first object of my existence, the preliminary, the *sine qua non*, of all my other pursuits. I devoted myself to this end, as Hannibal, by the instigation of his father, at nine years of age, swore upon the altar of his country, deadly and eternal enmity to the Romans. If, from this time forward, any creature that lived addressed to me one syllable in favour of Clifford, that creature, be his claims upon me in other respects whatever they might, entered into the fief of my abhorrence, and became included in the savage sentence of his extermination. On other subjects I might have a heart of flesh, I might be accessible to tender and humane feelings; but on this I was the iron man, with ribs of steel, described by Spenser: no compunction, no relenting, no intreaty, no supplication could approach me: I was deaf as the uproar of conflicting elements, and unmelting as the eternal snows that crown the summit of Caucasus.

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was at this time that I received a summons to the house of my uncle. A letter was addressed to me by the steward, the person through whom all communications from that quarter reached me. The present letter however was entirely confidential, and the good man spoke in it purely from his own feelings and apprehensions. He informed me "that my uncle's health was visibly in a declining state," and observed that, "from the extreme frailty of his frame, and delicacy of his constitution, it might be expected that, when he was once going, it would be all over with him very

rapidly." My old friend added, "that he held it to be the more his duty to give me suitable advertisement on the present occasion; as, to his great mortification and surprise, there was a new comer, totally a stranger till now at Mandeville House, who had lately established himself a constant visitor, and came there almost every day." This visitor was one Holloway, an attorney, a man of the worst character; "and," continued the steward, "in the way that my poor, dear master is in, knowing nothing of worldly affairs, and seeing nobody, it is surely very alarming, that such a fellow as this Holloway should have his ear, and be able to do with him whatever he pleases." "I know not," proceeded my correspondent, "what he can do—the estate is entailed, and you cannot be deprived of it—but I know, that such a scoundrel as this ought to have no power, and that we cannot too soon be rid of his company."

It may well be supposed, that it was by

no ordinary stretch of dexterity, that this Holloway introduced himself to the presence and conversation of Audley Mandeville. Many years had elapsed, since my uncle had seen any one out of the circle of his own family: thus he had lived; and thus he desired to remain, till time should finally close his eyes on all things terrestrial. Holloway had duly considered all this, had made every preliminary enquiry, had searched minutely into every circumstance of the Mandeville estate, and finally determined that he would instal himself the confidential adviser of the melancholy Audley.

With this purpose he addressed a letter to my uncle. The contents were drawn up in a professional style. He said that he wrote by the direction of Josiah Hampole, esquire, (a vulgar and conceited Roundhead, who had lately taken possession of an estate about seven miles from Mandeville House) "to announce that, in

looking into the writings of the estate, he had found that he had a right to the fishery of the coast, for twelve miles upward and downward, and that he had determined to avail himself of this right, as one of the signories of his domain." The letter added, that, "as Mr Hampole was desirous of doing nothing unbecoming by a neighbour of my uncle's consideration, he had given him this previous information, that it might not be imputed to him that he had proceeded in any way by surprise."

This letter, like all others addressed to Audley Mandeville, was opened by Mr Norton, the steward. It had long been considered as one of the functions of his office, to intercept all letters addressed to his master, and to communicate their contents in whole or in part, or to suppress them altogether, according to his discretion. Happily the Mandeville estate, owing partly to the antiquity of the claims, and partly to the moderation of the desires

of its possessors, had been exempt from all litigation, perhaps for centuries. This letter therefore was of a totally different tenour, from those which usually fell into Mr Norton's hands. He was a good deal puzzled how to proceed in the case. He laid it before Mr Tomkins, the official solicitor to the Mandeville property; and they jointly consulted what was to be done. Mr Tomkins was just such a solicitor as might be expected to an estate wholly unknown to litigation. He could draw (that is, transcribe) a lease, and talk, very technically, and very sapiently, upon subjects that fell within his every day's experience. But he had never heard of this fishery. He went home, and looked at his books, and returned that day week, exactly as wise as when he last quitted Mandeville House. It was however determined between him and the steward, that my uncle should be allowed to know nothing of the matter. Tomkins in the meantime made some en-

quiries respecting Mr Hampole, with the hope that the matter might be amicably accommodated, but found, to his utter dismay, that that gentleman had just set out upon a journey into Scotland. No notice therefore of any sort was taken of the letter that had been received.

Mr Holloway, having waited what he thought a sufficient time, one morning mounted his horse, and turned the head of the animal towards Mandeville House. He rode up to the great gate of the mansion, and had already tried by a variety of noises to rouse its lethargic inhabitants, when at last a rustic servant-maid appeared, who told him that, if he desired to gain admission, he must ride round to the postern. Having done so, and with an air of much importance announced that he wanted to see Mr Mandeville, he was ushered into the steward's room.

"My business is with Mr Mandeville," said Holloway.

"May be, you are a stranger in these parts," replied the steward, "and do not know that my master sees nobody."

"My name is Holloway; I come on business from the beloved in the Lord, Josiah Hampole; and I must see thy master."

The very communication by which Mr Holloway intended to strike his hearer with awe, produced exactly the opposite effect. Though Mr Norton and his privy-counsellor had returned no answer to the letter that had been received, it had however induced them to inform themselves more fully respecting the character of the writer; and they had had no difficulty in learning, that he was an accomplished scoundrel, and the disgrace of his profession. Poor Norton had never suffered under the talons of the law, either for himself or his employers, and therefore did not feel the proper degree of respect for such a gentleman as now stood before him.

"Give me leave to tell you once for all, Mr Holloway," replied the steward, "you will never see my master as long as you live. He never does any business; and therefore, if you have any thing of that sort to treat upon, your best way is to communicate it to me."

"I shall never see your master as long as I live! Now I tell you—and mind what I say—I will see him, and talk to him in person, before either of us is a fortnight older. In the meantime you may tell him —or you may let it alone, if you please, —that I come to him once more on the part of Josiah Hampole. And, what is more, I come as a friend, and might perhaps have settled the business for him as a friend, if he would have heard me. Good morning to you, sir!"

Finding the difficulties that had thus far intercepted his progress, Holloway determined to proceed by a *coup de main*. It would not have answered his purpose, to

have entered into a negociation with any one but my uncle in person. Three mornings therefore had not elapsed after the visit I have described, before a number of boats arrived off the coast, at the nearest practicable point to the windows of Mandeville House, and with them a very considerable quantity of planks and workmen, seemingly for the purpose of constructing huts for the fishermen who were henceforth to be stationed there. There was a creek and a landing-place near, sufficiently convenient for the accommodation of a few fishing-boats. Care appeared to be taken, that the greatest possible noise and disturbance should attend this invasion of the family-estate.

Yet, from the description I afterwards obtained of the affair, I should have thought Holloway's measures very inadequately calculated to obtain the purpose he had in view. The event however proved, that he had considered the matter

more judiciously than I should have done. His fishermen and labourers were at a considerable distance from the house; and whatever clatter and vociferation they made, would, to most men's ears, have died away before they reached the mansion. The waves of the sea for ever beat against the rock upon which the house was built; the sound of the dashing waters was eternal, and would have been very annoying and very depressing to any one that was unaccustomed to it. But my uncle, more than almost any human being that lived, was the creature of habit. The dashing of the waves, no less than the pulsations of the heart, was necessary to his existence; silence in this particular would have been as awful and distressing to him, as the invasion of an enemy, or the firing of a thousand cannon. This monotonous and hoarse voice of the waters however, was the only sound that ever entered the ears of Audley Mandeville. Double doors and

matted galleries cut him off from the knowledge, through that organ, of the existence of his family. Every one about him was aware of his infirmity, and respected it; and the falling of a pin unexpectedly, would have created a sensation through the whole houshold of this venerable mansion. Audley was master of the entire territory, as he believed, for miles around; and, had it been necessary, which it never was, he could have suspended any process or operation that had been going on, by the turn of his finger.

My uncle therefore was exceedingly surprised, and beyond measure disturbed, by the sounds, which a coarse ear perhaps would hardly have adverted to, so distant was their source, that assaulted his auditory nerves. The unloading the planks, and casting them successively on the shore, was attended with considerable clash. It was something like what Homer describes,

of the preparations for the funeral of Patroclus.

Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then, rustling, cracking, crashing, thunder down.

My uncle rang his bell; and a servant entered. Poor Norton had been sufficiently aware of the confusion that was about to take place, and had hastened with the earliest intimation of what was going on, to the scene of this unhallowed industry. He found only the workmen, with a master-carpenter superintending them. He enquired respecting the meaning of what he saw. The answer he received was, that they were there by the direction of Mr Holloway. "Where was Mr Holloway?" "He was not there: perhaps he would be in the course of the day; perhaps not." The carpenter showed to the steward the plan of the range of huts, that was to be e-

rected for the accommodation of the fishermen. Mr Norton expostulated. He told the man, there must be some mistake, and required him to suspend his operations, till Holloway should arrive, and the error be cleared up. The carpenter was exceedingly sorry, if what he was about should be found offensive to a gentleman, who had so long honoured the country with his residence among them; but his orders were peremptory. He offered to attend the steward to the great house, and make any explanation and atonement in his power; and this offer was accepted.

Norton was no sooner returned home, than he met the footman, who told him that his master wanted to see him immediately. The poor fellow added, that Audley was in a most alarming state, sometimes almost raving at the invasion that was taking place, and at other times subsiding into a fit of insupportable despair. Norton entered his apartment alone. My uncle pathetically,

in the mildest, but the most earnest manner, intreated to know what all this meant, reproached the steward for suffering such a mischief to come upon him without any previous notice, and desired, that it might be removed with the utmost possible diligence. The steward was now obliged to detail to his master, what had passed between him and Mr Holloway, in the letter and visit that gentleman had addressed to Mandeville House. He said, he could not in any way understand the pretensions that had been set up: he had consulted Tomkins, who was no less in the dark than himself. Hanapole, the claimant was in Scotland; therefore he had not entertained the smallest apprehension that any immediate measures would be adopted. And he concluded, as the speediest remedy, with offering to raise the tenantry, and drive by main force the invaders from the ground they had occupied by surprise. My uncle would not hear of this. He saw, that the remedy would be

worse than the disease, that he should be immediately placed in the midst of a scene of tremendous confusion, and that it was impossible to foresee where a transaction, commenced with force and arms in this manner on both sides, would terminate.

Audley Mandeville, except in one single instance, where he had been forced into contention with his own father, had never, from the hour of his birth, been engaged in so much as a debate with any living creature. He took it for granted, that Hampole must have some pretensions to the right he appeared to claim in so summary a way; and he was aware that to settle such a claim by process of law would be a tedious affair. He therefore saw no safety, but in flight. He had three or four other houses, delightfully situated, in different counties of England; and he must take refuge in one of these.

This however would be a wearisome process. There was not one of them, that

would not require various alterations and improvements, to adapt them to his particular habits. Then what an undertaking was it, for such a man as my uncle, to remove! The life he had led for more than twenty years, was less that of an animal, than a vegetable. He had constantly been surrounded with the same objects. He had not gone out of his chamber, or put on his shoes. The very roaring of the ocean, as I have said, and the dashing of the waters, were no less necessary to his existence, than the pulsations of the heart.

Such were the incidents of the first day of Mr Holloway's campaign. On the morning of the second day, a new fleet of boats arrived, and a new gang of workmen, to reinforce the operations of the former. My uncle's distress was wrought up to the height. The work had already been proceeding for four hours, when the mighty master of the spell, the great Holloway himself, arrived at our postern. He was

immediately received with a reverence and homage, almost amounting to prostration. Every servant of Mandeville House sympathised most sincerely in the agony of the master. The quietness of his temper, and the inoffensiveness of his manner, that gave annoyance to no one, had the effect of causing every one, from the steward to the scullion, to be devoted to his pleasure. They gathered round Holloway: they intreated him to have some consideration for the feelings of their master, and to put an end to the nuisance. They asked him, as if each had been suing to save his father or his brother from capital and ignominious punishment! "Lead me to your master!" was the authoritative and laconic reply.

The character of Audley Mandeville was totally changed by what had now occurred. For some hours you would have looked in vain in him for that lethargy and listlessness of demeanour, for which he had been many years distinguished. The more he

thought of removal from his sea-beat dwelling, the more it appeared to be an experiment impossible to be endured. On all sides he saw nothing but despair. This, it might have been expected, would have reduced him to imbecility and helplessness. But every fresh fall of a plank, or shout of the workmen, for the purpose of exactly timing their united effort, smote upon his brain, and convulsed his whole frame. Contrary to the established practice of Mandeville House, the great event that had taken place, the arrival of Mr Holloway, was instantly announced to the chief: and my uncle, stung with desperation, as with a scorpion, desired immediately to see him. Just as the lawyer entered the secluded apartment of the master, a shout and a crash, louder than any that had preceded, seemed to shake the roofs of the mansion; and my uncle fell at once, like a stone, upon his couch.

Holloway instantly dispatched a mes-

senger to stop the operation of the workmen; and by a sort of enchantment, that it may seem difficult to account for, without regard to the laws of time and space, not one sound, of all those which had lately given so much annoyance, was heard, from the moment that the order had passed the lips of the director of the scene. Holloway had now gained the point he aimed at; he stood in the presence of Audley Mandeville; and all else seemed easy to the mastery of his skill.

He began with a profusion of declarations of the sorrow he felt, for having been the innocent cause of any disturbance to the gentleman in whose presence he stood. If he had had the least suspicion that such would be the case, he would have eaten his fingers, or laid down his life, rather than it should have happened. He had just heard something about it accidentally from the carpenter, and had instantly turned his horse to Mandeville House, to set every

thing right. If the establishment of the fishery which had been meditated, would be in the slightest degree disagreeable to my uncle, he would undertake for it, upon the forfeit of all the character he had in the world, that it should be for ever given up.

The lying accents of Holloway instilled themselves gently into the ears of Audley, like the wholsome dews into the thirsty and indurated soil. They gradually revived him. He could not believe in his good fortune, that the calamity, which a moment before he had thought it beyond the reach of human powers to remedy, was thus in an instant removed. He was first barely attentive, and then listened with greater and greater eagerness, fearful that his senses should deceive him, or that somehow he did not rightly understand the meaning of the words that were addressed to him.

My uncle said, that he would willingly agree to give any sum of money that should be required of him, to purchase his redemption from an evil, that he was sure would in

a short time put an end in the most deplorable way to his existence. Mr Holloway would not be outdone by Mr Audley Mandeville in the display of his generosity. He assured my uncle, that the object he desired should never be permitted to cost him a single penny. He would open the question to Mr Hampole; and he flattered himself, that his credit with his client was sufficient to settle the question without difficulty. In the mean time, till he had heard from that gentleman, every operation should be suspended, and the planks should all of them rot on the ground, rather than any annoyance should be complained of, either from their being applied to their original purpose, or even from their removal to the place from whence they came. Mr Holloway was as good as his word. From the hour of his visit, a deathlike silence prevailed in the late active scene of industry. As many of the materials, as had not yet been disembarked, were carried off, without so much as a whisper. The planks that

were already on the shore, and it somehow happened that these were extremely few, remained where they fell, a monument of the masterly operations of the attorney. Mr Hampole was found to be an antagonist not less accommodating than his solicitor; and the dispute was settled in the briefest and most satisfactory manner.

It is scarcely necessary to add to the preceding narrative, that Mr Hampole had never heard any thing, from first to last, of the fishery in question. The whole was bred in the prolific brain of Holloway. He took his time, when one of the parties was in Scotland. He relied on the singular character and inaptitude of the other party. He previously informed himself sufficiently of the habits of Norton and Tomkins; and had confidence enough in his own resources, to believe that he should find means to defeat all the skill and activity, that were likely to be brought into the field against him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE most extraordinary part of this whole transaction was the complete success of the operator, which reflected immortal glory upon his sagacity and foresight. From this moment Audley Mandeville seemed to have conceived the most singular affection for the person of Holloway. To any other individual this incident of the fishery would have been a momentary vexation only; and, as soon as the evil was removed, the benefit would have been forgotten. Not so with the representative of the house of Mandeville. From the hour that he had become lord of the domain, nothing had happened

to contradict his will; and, though his pleasures were few, the pains inflicted on him by others might almost be said to be none. His recollection therefore of this agony of twenty-eight hours, never in the slightest degree decayed in his mind. Add to which, Audley Mandeville, like all other sentient beings, wanted something to love, and felt a vacuity and uneasiness from that want, without being able to account for his pain. The whole affectionate capabilities of his nature had once been centred in Amelia Montfort. She had been suddenly and violently removed from him; and his heart had died at their separation, and been buried in her grave. Since that time, his love can scarcely ever have been said to be excited, except towards myself and my sister. Her he hardly knew by sight; and, as to me, my tender years had disqualified me to be his companion, and there was a savage unsociableness in my nature, that incapacitated me from paying him those insensible

attentions, which might in time have conciliated him. Such a gentle being as he was, might seem formed to love and be loved; but his heart was dead in his bosom, and he could never get through the preliminaries of a friendly intercourse. One peculiarity of his history was, that he had never known a benefactor; and, therefore though his obligation to Holloway was slight, or none at all, it did not appear so to him. He could not chaffer with his duties. If the affair had related to another man than himself, he might have been able to calculate the lawyer's motives, and so to reduce his generosity to its proper dimensions; but, upon the present occasion, he took it whole, and did not apply the analysis of distinctions and subtilties to separate its elements. Holloway therefore never came into his presence, but the poor deluded solitary looked up to him like a God. He considered him as a being, who had secured to him the inestimable privilege

of sinking quietly and insensibly into his grave. Whenever the name of the scoundrel was announced, it appeared to communicate new life to Audley Mandeville; his countenance assumed a faint radiance of cheerfulness and good-nature; and he said to himself, "Here comes a man, to whom I have contracted a 'debt immense; still paying, still to owe.'"

Holloway had a further hold upon the being whom he destined for his prey. He found out (God knows on what foundation he built the assertion) that his mother was a Montfort. He had the courage to pronounce that talismanic name in the hearing of my uncle, and the skill to do so with success. According to Holloway, there never was a being that bore the name of Montfort, that had not something in it above the standard of human excellence; his mother was a paragon of women; and he promised himself, as soon as he should find leisure for the luxury, to part with the name

of Holloway, and assume that of Montfort. By degrees the tongue of the dumb man was loosed; the revolutions of the sun that had passed over the grave of his beloved, had something assuaged the sorrows of Audley; and he could now bear to pamper his soul with the repetition of "Amelia." The infatuated lover believed that he had found a sympathetic spirit in the breast of the attorney; and his hard-hearted betrayer seemed to drop tears, while the despairing celibataire descanted on his "whole course of love."

Holloway having made his lodgement good within the fortifications of Mandeville House, had now to consider how best to improve the advantages which his valour had achieved. He meditated no less than to divert the whole property annexed to the name of Mandeville into the house of Holloway. He found no difficulty in excluding the feeble Tomkins, from all participation in the counsels of his employer. He en-

grossed the ear of Audley exclusively to himself. He possessed himself, as a lawyer should, of all the title-deeds of the Mandeville estate. There was not a scrap of paper or parchment, evidencing the entail and descent of the property, that was not carefully removed from the great house, and duly arranged among the treasures of Holloway's closet.

Thus far it was well; and the ground seemed duly prepared for the achievements that were to follow. It is inconceivable with what art, and by how insensible degrees, Holloway entered upon his great master-stroke, the causing my uncle to sign a will, which with all proper ambiguities, obscurities, and circumlocutions, to veil its real drift, should occasion the main substance of the Mandeville estate, as he would contrive the matter, to descend to the family of Holloway and their heirs for ever; they having first duly assumed the name, style and armorial bearings of the house of Mont-

fort. This will having first been duly executed, the honest attorney was prepared immediately to consign to the flames all evidences of the entail.

I grieve to say, that, with all the masterly management of the accomplished Holloway, he was never able to achieve this favourite purpose. My uncle had a fund of clear understanding, beyond what his able solicitor had calculated upon. He had also a deep and unalterable sense of what he owed to his ancestors that had gone before him, and to their posterity that was to come after him. Audley Mandeville was, as to external appearance, of so quiet and passive a nature, that poor Holloway was utterly deceived, and thought, because his client betrayed no symptoms of dissatisfaction, for these the attorney watched for with the eyes of a lynx, that he drank in all the suggestions that were offered him, as naturally as milk.

This was not the case. Though the limbs and features of my uncle were mo-

tionless, his understanding worked. When Holloway drew to the conclusion of an harangue, that might have baffled all the rules of Aristotle to discover a defect in it, and hugged himself upon the profound silence and deference with which it appeared to be received, my uncle refuted it with a single monosyllable—"No." The attorney returned to the charge. He varied the mode of attack. He seemed to set out from a different point, and to drive at a different conclusion. Still the victorious monosyllable, like a warrior clad in the arms of the invulnerable Achilles, came to defeat and put to rout all the forces of this veteran and his art's-master attorney.

Audley Mandeville took his leave of the sagacious Holloway, on the day on which he had broached his grand scheme, with the same mild and complacent tones that had marked his farewels on former occasions. The solicitor congratulated himself, He considered, as he rode home, "It

is not so bad as it may seem however. The rich old fogram has not fallen into my snare at once, as I expected. But it is something to have opened the scheme. He has heard it without starting, or one gesture of disapprobation. I am glad I have broken ground upon the subject. Seeing the poor valetudinarian every day, and taking care, as I shall, that nobody else shall see him, it will be hard indeed, if perseverance does not carry the point, which I have failed to gain by surprise."

Holloway was miserably mistaken in his calculations. The proposition of a will that he had made to my uncle, was not forgotten. But the oftener it was thought of, the greater aversion it excited. Audley Mandeville had begun with regarding the solicitor as his only friend; and if Holloway had not taken a step of so unequivocal a character, the illusion would never have vanished from his eyes. Nor, as it was, did the change take place at

once. My uncle wrestled with the idea that his new lawyer was a villain, as in some sort a want of fealty and faith towards a man to whom he owed so much. The next time he saw Holloway however, he saw him with less pleasure. Poor Audley had a great fund of natural penetration, unaided by experience, though he seldom gave himself the trouble to put it to use. Every time now that the attorney came to him, he discovered in him new indications of a gross and selfish character. His visits, instead of awakening, as they did at first, a gleam of cheerfulness in the heart of his client, gradually changed their nature, and became a disturbance and a burthen. My uncle said to himself in the bitterness of despondence, "I see the truth; I must go out of the world, as I have lived in it, without a friend."

After a due interval, and having interposed abundance of precautions, Holloway ventured once more to allude to the sub-

ject of the will. Audley Mandeville shuddered. A slight degree of convulsion disturbed and agitated the features of his face. After a pause, he spoke in a deep, slow and solemn tone of voice.

"Mr Holloway, I am under the greatest obligations to you. I have chosen you for my agent; I have put all my affairs into your hands; I cannot repent that I have done so. But if you mention this proposal again, we are no longer friends."

It was with extraordinary effort, and allowing himself much time between the clause that went before and the clause that succeeded, that my uncle was able to utter these few sentences. Holloway was filled with confusion and alarm. He declared that he was totally misunderstood. He had believed, that it was his client's intention to bequeath him a trifling legacy, in consideration of his having the honour to be descended from the house of Montfort. But, for all that the world could bestow

upon him, he would not impair the descent of the estate to Mr Charles Mandeville, the true heir. If my uncle would have the patience to hear the thing over again, he would perceive that he had totally misapprehended it.

More Mr Holloway would have said, had it not been that his client, without uttering another word, rose from his seat, walked out of the room, and shut and bolted himself into his closet. The next time Holloway came, my uncle apologized, and said he was afraid his behaviour had been uncivil. But there was something in his manner, that was the farthest in the world from inviting the lawyer to renew his subject. His carriage was austere, and spoke a recollection of dislike.

My uncle had now one additional displeasure, weaning him from all attachment to the world. He had thrown himself so hastily and unsuspectingly into the hands of Holloway, that he was in a

manner his prisoner. Neither yet did he entertain by any means so ill an opinion of the lawyer as he deserved. He retained indelibly in his mind the vast obligation, as he conceived it, that he had received from him. He still felt the fascination, that had been produced in him by his maternal name of Montfort. He recollected, that he had opened to this execrable Holloway, in a way that he had never done to any other living creature, the cherished and sacred emotions of his soul. But what poor Audley Mandeville wanted, was a being in whom he could repose confidence. And the proposal about the will had convinced him once and for ever, that he had not found such a being in Holloway. His feelings about this unshrinking invader of his privacies, were contentious and distressful. Whenever his step was heard in the gallery, for the lawyer had dismissed the ceremony of sending up his name, my

uncle called upon himself for a feeling of pleasure, but discomfort came in its stead.

There were times when Audley Mandeville seriously debated with himself, whether it were not better to get rid of the new comer altogether. But his nature did not qualify him for peremptory measures. He feared that there might be consequences attendant on the change, more distressful than the evil that change purposed to remove. The Hampole fishery haunted him by day and by night, and was for ever before his eyes. Might not that pretension be again brought forward, if he ungratefully parted with the man, who had miraculously delivered him from it? Better it seemed, much better, not to disturb what already was well. All that the poor solitary aimed at, or hoped for, was quiet; and quiet he already had. In addition to which, there was nothing that my uncle dreaded more, or for which he was more absolutel incapacitated, than exertion. What

an uproar would it produce, equal in his imagination to an anarchy of the elements of nature, to dismiss Holloway, from the situation into which he had intruded himself? Nor, if he were ever so much inclined, had my uncle a friend in the world to help him in the arduous achievement.

But what added the last bitterness to the calamity I am describing, was the perennial flow of Holloway's eloquence. My poor old tutor, copious as had been his rhetoric whenever he addressed any other individual, became a mere Spartan, almost a Pythagorean, in the presence of Audley Mandeville. For twenty years my uncle had never witnessed the birth of a sentence of more than six or eight words. This misfortune, as it regarded Holloway, was little adverted to in the beginning. The melancholy recluse had first seen the solicitor of Hampole, under a peculiar exaltation of soul, and as the bearer of tidings scarcely less joyful, than if he had been a

winged messenger from heaven. Audley could hear, and Audley could even speak himself, on that memorable occasion. Then came the lawyer's master-stroke, the claim of kindred with Amelia Montfort. That had acted upon the recluse like witchcraft. The dumb man learned to talk; and he who had been silent as a corpse laid out for the funeral, on all points in which his feelings were concerned, began to unfold the secrets of his soul in the ears of a stranger.

But that fit was temporary. The topic even of Amelia was at length exhausted, and my uncle felt that he had unburthened his heart. The host relapsed into silence; and the stranger found room to display his habitual garrulity. While he was engaged in what seemed the necessary explanations about the fishery, and when he dwelt upon the virtues that attended upon the very name of Montfort, my uncle did not repine. But, when, failing these, he spoke

of ordinary and indifferent topics, of the many contentious suits in which he had been employed, with all their bad passions and quirks, and of the private history of the various families in the neighbourhood, then the trial came. In this only the usual policy of the solicitor deserted him. Circumspect and cunning he was in all other respects, to the utmost extent of sublunary perfection. But he had this frailty, marking him for a descendant of our mother Eve, that he "tied his ear to no tongue but his own," and so unaffectedly admired his talent for narration, in which he did not suspect that Livy himself could excel him, that all symptoms of weariness and aversion in his hearer were thrown away, and passed wholly unheeded by him. Till now, Audley Mandeville had been surrounded by persons that owed him implicit deference: but he had met Holloway in the first instance as a benefactor, and with overwhelming gratitude; and it is astonish-

ing what airs of independence and equality were upon this circumstance assumed by the attorney. Nor was this altogether without design. Holloway purposed to make himself necessary to his client, and in a certain sense to hold him in awe.

Nor was it merely the endless stream of Holloway's eloquence, that proved deadly to his auditor. Audley Mandeville was a being of elegant taste and great intellectual refinement. The world is full of deformities. Many things in it are squalid, many are loathsome, many are shameless, profligate and monstrous. He, who shall pass through the divisions and precincts of a great city, and enter into its courts, its alleys, and less obvious recesses, may easily convince himself of this. But Audley Mandeville had never set his foot over the threshold of the world; and was as ignorant of what passes on the "seamy side" of this terraqueous globe, as if he had been the inhabitant of another planet. Now,

whoever will give himself the pains to observe it, will find that every historian puts much of his own character into his work; and a skilful anatomist of the soul, before he reaches the perusal of the last page, will have formed a very tolerable notion of the dispositions of the writer. I, who am penning this series of events to which I give my name of Mandeville, shall have shown, and should have shown, if they were the memoirs of a stranger, to a penetrating reader many secrets of my own heart, which modesty, or, it may be, a feeling of moral right and wrong, would have prompted me to conceal, if I had been aware what I was doing. It may easily be conceived therefore what a piece of work Holloway made, while he was painfully putting together this collection of anecdotes, which he compiled for the use of my uncle. His unfortunate hearer did not exactly understand it in the way I describe. He never thought of studying it as a sample of the mind of its

author. But, without making the inferences which might justly have been drawn, to Holloway's disadvantage, he felt himself extremely uncomfortable. In the unhappy lawyer's narratives there never occurred any thing, to chear the heart, and make the feelings glow with elevation. Contrasted with the daily nourishment of his client's mind, antecedently to this unhallowed intrusion, it was as if, in the feast of the modern Apicius, you had taken away from him unobserved his *Tokai de la Reine* and *Lachrymæ Christi*, and stealthily substituted in their room an agreeable variety of sour small beer, and an infusion of *assa foetida*, and water from the common sewer.

The life of Audley Mandeville, as has already been said, hung but by a hair; and it was foreseen, that any sudden and unexpected change would infallibly kill him. There is no doubt that Holloway brought that life to a premature conclusion. The

days of Audley had before been quiet; they were now comparatively tumultuous. The silence of his studies, and the religion of his melancholy, were almost daily bro- ken in upon by this vulgar and insolent intruder. Nothing now seemed to be, as as it had been, almost without variation, for the last twenty years. It is incredible what an effect this produced upon the ten- der and fragile susceptibility of my uncle. What his feelings were in the presence of the wretched Holloway, have been suffi- ciently anticipated. The rest of his life was spent in digesting the potion which his lawyer had administered, or in savour- ing beforehand, in the morbid activity of his fancy, the drench that was to be ad- ministered in the course of the following day. It was not many weeks, before the effect of this regimen was visible to the most careless observer. My uncle became every hour feebler and feebler: before, he was incapable of having his mind engaged

l interested by the things around him;
w he actively loathed them. Existence
:ame insupportable. He took to his bed
:irely; and it was clear to every one
.t he had but a short time to live.

## CHAPTER XV.

It was in this conjuncture, that I received from the steward the letter above-mentioned, announcing to me the actual state of affairs. Immediately upon the receipt of it I did not fail to set out for the residence of my youth, that I might at least use the information of my own senses on the subject of which it had treated. The diversion of my mind to matters of a totally different nature, was fortunate for me, after the indescribable wretchedness I had experienced from the events at Montagu House.

I arrived without accident at the seat of

my ancestors. But, previously to my arrival, a totally new arrangement had taken place within the walls of this ancient fabric. Holloway became aware of the very precarious state of his client's life; and he considered it as essential to the plans he had at heart, not to suffer any one to enter into the presence of Audley Mandeville, of whose subordination to his own views he could not be perfectly secure. For this purpose he had fixed for himself a temporary residence under this very roof. How could this be hindered by the modest and timid members of the Mandeville establishment? Holloway ordered things as he pleased, with an air of authority that would not submit to be parlied with. The servants, from the highest to the lowest, well knew that their master was not to be spoken with by them, least of all upon any subject that might lead to the discomposure of his mind. Within the circle of this mansion, the law had long since been

promulgated, that quiet was the first duty of its domestics, and an anxiety for the interests of its master only the second. Holloway therefore, as I have said, now constantly slept at Mandeville House, without the ceremony of any previous knowledge or consent on the part of the proprietor. And, that he might be exposed to no counteraction or mischief, in periods when he might unavoidably be obliged to absent himself for a short time, he also fixed his nephew as his joint inmate (for he had neither wife nor child), together with a fellow that sometimes officiated in the character of a clerk, and sometimes simply of a servant. The name of his nephew was Mallison, the same identical individual, whose character has been delineated at large in my history of Winchester College.

It was not Mallison however, but Holloway himself, that it was my lot to encounter upon my arrival at the family man-

sion. The frequently commemorated postern was now never opened but by the lawyer's own servant. The first face that met me therefore, was the face of a stranger. But, as, in such an establishment as this, a portion of every domestic's time is spent in idleness, one of the houshold caught a glimpse of me, as I waited for a moment in the hall, by the desire of him who admitted me, while he hastened to announce my arrival. In an instant the whisper ran through the servants' apartments, that Master Charles was come. The next minute, no fewer than ten or a dozen were assembled round me, to welcome me. Their countenances were dismal: they gave me but a poor account of their master; and it was easy to see that they were greatly dissatisfied with the present administration of affairs. But pleasure struggled with grief in the countenances of all, at my much desired entrance into the hall of my fathers.

The servant of Holloway returned, and desired I would walk into the parlour. It was the very apartment, where I had been accustomed to receive the lessons of Hilkiah, but which was much more endeared to me, as the spot upon which I had first met the embraces of Henrietta. I looked round upon the furniture and arrangement of the room: every chair and table, and all the figures of the tapestry, were my old acquaintances.

Mr Holloway entered.

"I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr Charles Mandeville?" said he.

I nodded assent.

"Pray, Sir, be seated."

And the worthy gentleman drew his own chair to the fire, and left me to follow his example.

I was astonished, and in no small degree shocked, at this supercilious reception. I however seated myself.

"Your uncle is in a very bad way, Mr

Charles—very bad indeed. He sees nobody. You cannot see him."

"Sir," replied I, "I believe I know your name, and that is all I know of you. I must therefore be satisfied by other evidence than yours, that it is improper for me to see my uncle. What is more, asleep, if not awake, I will see him. I am come here to judge with my own eyes."

"Since you say you know nothing more of me than my name, it is proper that I should inform you, that I am here as Mr Audley Mandeville's authorised agent, to take care of his affairs, and to preserve his tranquillity. You seem equally to stand in need of the information, that you are what the law denominates 'an infant.' Sir, your uncle stands greatly in need of protection, and he has chosen me his protector. Whatever may be your dispositions in other respects, your age is that of rashness and inconsideration; and I shall take care, Sir, that your thoughtlessness does

not turn you into the destroyer of my patron."

And he struck his hand on the table, as he spoke; intending by that vulgar ornament of his rhetoric, to give greater impressiveness to what he said.

I smiled.

"Mr Holloway," I said, "a little explanation may be of some use in this case. I have come alone, because, whatever you may be pleased to say of my youth, I feel myself fully competent to every thing I wish to effect. The friends from whom I come, Lord Montagu and the rest, advised me not to come alone, and were anxious to aid me with their countenance.

"I am perfectly acquainted with your views, Mr Holloway. You are not the first gentleman of your class, that has put himself forward by uncommon means to get possession of the person of a man of great property in his dying moments. I am not aware how much your plan may

enable you to effect. But I will set you at your ease at once, thus far. My concern is with the health and comfort of my uncle, and nothing else. This house has been my home from almost the earliest period of my memory; this uncle has been in a manner the only parent I ever saw. I know my duties to him, and I will perform them. For his property, at least so far as I am myself concerned, I value it not. I had rather wander a beggar through the world all the days of my life, than make the last days of this revered relation days of discomfort. And now, Mr Holloway, it depends upon yourself, whether we shall proceed hand in hand in this melancholy crisis, or the contrary. You may have me for a friend, if you chuse it; or, if you prefer me for an enemy, I shall equally know how to deport myself in that relation."

This was one of the few long speeches I ever made in the course of my life. To utter uninterruptedly a number of words to

this amount, was in the highest degree adverse to my nature. But I found, in this, and one or two other instances, that I was not wholly incapable of this conquest over myself. On the present occasion every principle within me was worked up to the highest bent. I felt that, if I failed in my duty to a being, who, as I figured it to myself, had taken me up upon the wild waste and harbourless desert of the world, and made me—the wretched thing I was! —I should be the most despicable of mortals. Yes; it was true, I was wretched; but I was not unjust enough to impute that to Audley Mandeville. He had meant every thing that was friendly and parental; his plan for me had been superior to all exception; and it was an original taint in my nature only, that had turned all that he designed for blessings, into a curse.

From this moment Mr Holloway and myself, to express it in the ordinary lan-

guage of mankind, were "the best friends in the world." He saw that I was romantic and silly enough, such were his conceptions of the matter, to be not at all dangerous as a friend, and he was by no means sure that I should prove equally harmless as an enemy. Therefore he resolved to pay me every degree of attention, and to make the most strenuous professions of an unalterable fidelity to my interests.

These professions did not deceive me for an instant. At least for this time, I saw things precisely as they were. I knew perfectly, that Holloway was a man whose conduct was under no restraint of principle, and that his object in having thus strangely established himself an inmate of Mandeville House, was to make the utmost advantage of every power that his profession afforded him, and of the weak and unprotected situation of the present proprietor of the estate.

Yet what could I do? The proceeding

which the nature of the contest seemed to require, was, that I should call in the assistance of some of my most respectable friends, that I should expel Holloway from the sanctuary he had so ungraciously invaded, and turn the attention of my uncle to the real dangers that assailed him from within and without, and to the remedy which those dangers called upon him to adopt. But this conduct I could never prevail upon myself to pursue. I knew that the powers of Audley Mandeville would not stand the shock. And I had resolved, as I told Holloway, to submit to every personal evil, rather than plant one thorn in the pillow of my uncle, or shorten his existence by a single hour. This however I could do; and upon this determination I proceeded. I could plant myself on the spot; I could with my own eyes observe from day to day what was going on; and I could extort from the fears of his generous "protector" some information as

to the extent of the sacrifice I was called on to make.

One bitter pill which Holloway was called on to digest, was of an incidental nature, and such a one as, I believe, neither of us anticipated, till the occasion actually presented itself. According to the new administration which the present *chargé des affaires* had introduced, a table was provided every day for Mr Holloway and his nephew. A civil message was sent to me, a few hours after my arrival, inviting me to make a third in their party. Many men in my situation would have thought this a very simple thing, and would have submitted without a murmur. But my whole soul boiled at the proposition. I was just come from being half an inmate at Lord Montagu's, where three tables were every day provided for the three different ranks of its inhabitants. And that I should sit down to dinner with an attorney and his clerk, so in my own mind I denominated them, my young blood

rejected with disdain, and my towering pride revolted against as inexpiable dishonour! I ordered a separate cover to be placed for me in another apartment.

This, as I have said, was a grievous mortification to the honest solicitor. His original project had been, to divert the whole property of Mandeville into his own possession, and to have turned me adrift, a beggar, upon the wide ocean of society. Nor had he yet altogether resigned his hopes of this. At all events, he very naturally considered every thing that was to come to me, as the free gift of his own generosity and forbearance. Was it then to be endured, that I, a sort of charity-boy to be subsisted by his bounty, should dare to assert myself his superior, and look down upon him, as a vassal, a retainer, and a sort of menial? Beside which, he had other projects, hereafter to be explained, to which such a state of things was decisively hostile. But he digested the affront as he

could. "Lowliness is young ambition's ladder." And he flattered himself that the time should come, when he would take ample revenge for every dishonour that was now imposed upon him.

I was impatient to appear in the presence of my uncle; nor did Holloway any longer oppose my desire. The attorney preceded me, and announced my visit. I followed close, and the poor invalid turned upon me a smile of satisfaction. He was in his bed, from which he no longer rose. His face seemed to be composed of bones only, with a thin and inexpressibly delicate covering of colourless skin. His eyes glistened, in a manner which is often seen in patients, when the principle of life is insensibly wasting away. There was something in his countenance, which, at least to my perception, had inconceivable persuasion and beauty. Nothing that was gross, and nothing that was ill in human nature, could be conceived to take up its

abode in those features. It was a celestial spirit, informing a body that was no longer earthly. Love, as I saw it at least, was still there, the only dweller through all the regions of that face. The person I beheld was incapable of inflicting harm, and was therefore to every just conception inviolable and sacred.

As I looked on, I could not prevent those reflections arising in my mind, which were congenial to my misanthropy. "What is human nature made of," said I, "that an object like this, should immediately become the theme of its speculation, and the magnet of its cupidity? Man, civilized man, gathers round this object, as the beasts of the forest round their prey, or the savages of North America about their devoted victim. Happy is he who can catch the last opportunity, of guiding those fingers to subscribe a legal instrument, or of collecting the articulations of that breath for a donation. Selfishness and avarice engrosses

all. The beautiful contemplation I now entertain, the sense of something too pure and aerial for our mortal nature, is wholly lost upon the hardened heart of him who lies in wait for a provision.

The lips of my uncle moved. "Charles!" said he. That was all. "God bless you, Sir," I replied. I sat down by his side. "I am come on purpose to visit you: I will not leave the house till you are better." He made no answer. He shut his eyes, and his body was without motion.

I spent much of my time by my uncle's bed-side, seeing myself, unseen for the most part by the patient and unrepining sufferer. I cannot express how much benefit I appeared to derive from this position. My nature, or my circumstances, seemed to have made hatred my ruling passion. Here, the impulse that was perpetually urging me, was love. I was like the high priest of the Jews, as he sat, or as he kneeled, within the tabernacle, that was constructed

to receive the ark of the Lord. A simple curtain of linen was often all that he, and all that I saw, affording excitement to the acts of a religious faith. But behind that curtain, he felt, was placed the sacred symbol, which, as a pillar of fire and a pillar of cloud, by night and by day had in past times proved an unfailing guide through the waste and savage wilderness. He meditated on these things, and worshipped. Placed amidst similar objects, I also was impressed with similar feelings. A sacred quiet came over me; a quiet, not in my case unattended with sadness, but far removed from the vulgar cases of the world. It stifled my passions; it drove far from me the violences of a perturbed spirit; and it filled me with a sense of self-approbation, a welcome visitor to my distracted heart.

Mr Holloway judged it expedient, to make me a confident of the main secrets of his office, and the contents of my uncle's will. He believed, that this was the only

way to secure my passiveness, and to prevent my residence under the roof of Mandeville House, which he could not resist, from being fatal to his machinations. On my part, I was well pleased to have the opportunity of obtaining this information. For, though I believed that no earthly consideration could induce me to disturb the last moments of my beloved uncle, yet I was glad to be able to satisfy myself, that there would be nothing that the world would call incurable frenzy, in my supineness.

Before I state the particulars which Mr Holloway communicated to me, it is necessary to take up a few past circumstances in the history. My uncle, as it has been seen, imposed a severe silence on his lawyer in this question. A short time after however, he delivered into Mr Holloway's hands a paper, purporting to be instructions for drawing a will. A letter was annexed, in which Audley Mandeville undertook to

express his present sentiments of his solicitor's character. He said, " Mr Holloway, I believe you an honest man. As to the outline of a will which you suggested to me, and which I rejected, I cannot account for that. You considered its meaning as one thing, and I thought it another. It struck me too as unnecessarily wordy, complicated and obscure. It may be, I was wrong; I am no lawyer. I cannot however deliberately admit the persuasion, that it was dishonestly intended. Our acquaintance began with your conferring on me an inestimable benefit. I am also deeply impressed with the idea you once expressed, that nothing villainous can connect itself with the stem of Montfort. I therefore confide in you. But I expect you literally to observe the inclosed instructions, and to express them in the simplest words that your profession will allow. And, if you have any observations to make, materially affecting the dispositions herein contained,

I require you to communicate them in writing. I retain, I cannot help it, an unpleasant sense of our oral discussions on the subject, which makes me resolve they shall not be renewed."

When Holloway read this paper, he felt a considerable struggle in his own mind. His first impression was that of joy. "I still then retain the favourable opinion of my patron. He thinks me an honest man. I was afraid it had been otherwise. I was afraid that he only wanted strength of muscle and nerve, to get rid of me. But, since he continues my friend, what may I not hope for? I have been a pupil of Machiavel to little purpose, if I cannot yet 'wind me into the easy-hearted man, and hug him to my snare.'"

Thus boldly did Holloway feel at the first perusal. But as he reflected more deeply on the subject, his courage diminished. He dared not venture on the experiment again. The good opinion of his

patron had been shaken, not overturned, it seemed, by what had already passed. What might be the consequence, if the trial were repeated, he had not firmness enough to contemplate. He also felt it a different thing, to express his suggestions in writing, as he was required to do, from the mere act of giving breath to his devilish insinuations and perplexities, which in the latter case might be distinguished away, and substantially altered, by the change of an apparently insignificant word, if necessary, till no certain accusation remained against the venomous suggestor. Thus, veteran subtlety shrunk before the understanding of one, whom at first he had considered as no better than a child; the lawyer's "higher knowledge," in the presence of honest simplicity, "fell degraded;" his "wisdom, in discourse with it, shrunk back, discountenanced," and showed that it was folly.

The instructions were, that Charles Mandeville was to be recognized as heir-general

to the entire property, after the discharge of a certain number of legacies. The principal of these were thirty thousand pounds to my sister, and ten thousand to the attorney on his taking the name of Montfort. My uncle further manifested the sweetness and generous temper of his soul, by liberal bequests to the different members of his houshold.

The coward Holloway ventured no further observations on this sketch, than to suggest that the testator had omitted to name an executor for his will, and a guardian and trustee for myself and my sister. The poor, deluded Audley allowed the name of the attorney to stand for both these. There was another clause of the will, which had crept in I know not how, providing that my sister should not marry without the consent of her guardian.

Holloway not only described to me my uncle's testament, but showed me the instrument itself. He observed, that it was

already fairly engrossed, and duly executed. He added however that it was the last thing in the world that he could wish for, that any question of form should stand in the way of the exercise of my discretion, or prevent the writing from bearing ultimately the provisions that should be most to my satisfaction. He begged me to take it to my closet, and ponder it maturely. If there were any points that appeared to me to require elucidation, it would give him the greatest pleasure to afford me his assistance. He knew that he was totally unworthy of the magnificent bequest that his patron had made to himself, and he had omitted no expostulations to prevail upon the testator to alter it. He had not been aware, that he was likely to have had the advantage of my known good sense and reflection to advise with in so momentous an affair, or he would on no account have allowed the proceeding to have been closed without me. That however was of no consequence:

the testator was still living; he was in perfect possession of his intellectual faculties; and if there was any thing that struck me as wrong, partial, or inequitable in the clauses, Holloway added that he would take upon himself to prevail with my uncle, to cancel the present will, and to execute another.

The only provision that my mind dwelt upon with some degree of scruple, was that which directed that my sister should not marry without the consent of the executor. It was loathsome to my soul, to think that such a scoundrel as this, should come near the most perfect of the inhabitants of earth, in the most important transaction of her life. But what could I do? The same rule applied here, which I had already used in the general question, that the last moments of the most innocent of human beings must not be disturbed. Such an alteration, as my own wishes would point out to me, perhaps could not be made, without much dis-

cussion, and the chance of great uneasiness. My objection really rested upon the unworthiness of Holloway: but how could so cardinal a consideration be obtruded upon the mind of the dying man? And, after all, what chance was there, that Holloway should think he had an interest in obstructing the marriage of Henrietta, or should dare to set himself in opposition on that point, to the judgment of her respectable friends? In fine, whether it shall be considered as weakness, or duty, or humanity, I decided that the peace of the dying man should not be interrupted.

The end of Audley Mandeville now rapidly approached. Having never thought of him as a being dowered with the common imperfections of humanity, this event affected me strangely. It felt somehow as if an abstract principle, one of the capital articles of my creed, was destined to die. The same thing happened in the case of my uncle, which I have since repeatedly had

occasion to observe in other men, that the creature was never more perfect than in the period when the heart was on the point of ceasing to beat, the intellect never more clear than when it was just ready to be merged in insensibility, the flame never burned more brightly than when the extinguisher of death was decending to quench it for ever. In all the cycle of human events there is nothing more strange than this, the point, the indivisible instant, in which divine intelligence is converted into a clod.

On the day on which this amiable man expired, a few hours before his lungs ceased to heave, myself and Mr Holloway, the most sincere, and the most hypocritical of men, stood, each of us at his bed-side. He looked, first at one, and then at the other. "Farewel, my son!" were the last ravishing accents he addressed to me. To my companion he said, "Remember, your name is Montfort!" At that moment we were both

honest; we could neither utter a word. A few minutes later his lips moved; he pronounced the name, "Amelia;" it was his last.

His death was without convulsion, without a groan, or a sigh. It exactly realised those beautiful lines of Donne: Thus

> —vertuous men pass mildly away,
> And whisper to their souls to go:
> While some of their sad friends do say,
> The breath goes now; and some say, No.

Audley Mandeville was certainly not the most useful of mankind. He was engaged in no illustrious acts, either of intellect, or philanthropy. If you ask his history, the reply may be made in the words of Shakespear's Viola, "A blank;" and much of the lines that follow, might with the strictest propriety form the epitaph on his tomb.

I will not enter into the detail of the scenes that immediately followed, which

the reader may easily imagine, but not to the life. It is difficult to conceive the impression of pure innocence and inoffensiveness, when they are the attributes of hands, that might, if so the heart had pleased, have been employed in giant-work, to injure and to crush. Never was a master more truly lamented by his domestics. Several of them had never seen him, but they knew where was the unviolated sanctuary, in which the arbiter of their condition visibly resided.

The body of Audley Mandeville was conveyed with all due solemnity, from the sea-girt mansion where he had spent his latter years, to the beautiful manor near the centre of England, where he and his Amelia had passed the spring-time of their lives. Amelia had died near this place: my uncle had ordered her to be entombed in the chapel of the mansion, and a sumptuous monument to be erected over her grave. Other lovers would have de-

The destroying angel was too strong, and took from me all occasions of my safety.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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## Note on page 137.

I own, I have been guilty of an anachronism in making this quotation, and have nothing but the beauty of the passage to plead in my excuse. It is to be found in Shaftesbury, Vol. II. Essay II.

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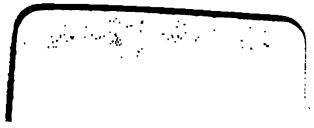
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